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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE SHOT THAT FAILED.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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GOVERNOR MORTON.

WHEN Governor MORTON'S name was publicly suggested as that of a possible Republican candidate for the Presidency, it met generally with a respectful and in many places with a decidedly favorable reception, notwithstanding his advanced age. Nobody, indeed, considered him a great statesman or a party leader of marked strength. But he was esteemed as a gentleman of excellent character and of respectable social as well as political associations, who had creditably filled several high public positions, who might be counted upon to stand with unswerving fidelity by the cause of sound money, who would surround himself with the best class of political advisers, would always be accessible to the views and sentiments of the most estimable part of the community, and instinctively shrink from the touch of low demagogy and unclean politics. It was this view of Mr. MORTON'S personality which attracted good citizens to him, and which, if justified by his conduct as Governor of the greatest State of the Union, would have commended his candidacy to their support regardless of party.

It is mortifying to his friends to see that candidacy in danger of becoming a scandal instead of an honorable distinction. In the public eye Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT figures now as its principal promoter. Mr. PLATT is known to the whole country as the representative of the worst political tendencies of our days. It is understood also that, whether Governor MORTON has solicited or merely accepted Mr. PLATT'S services, he will have to pay dearly for them. What kind of payment will be demanded by such a creditor Mr. MORTON undoubtedly knows, for he has already made some characteristic payments-on-account, to win and hold Mr. PLATT'S friendship, which give a foretaste of what a settlement in full would be.

We remember, for instance, the shock Governor MORTON gave to the confidence of his friends when he put Mr. ALDRIDGE, a notorious machine politician and one of the most unscrupulous of Mr. PLATT'S tools, at the head of the Department of Public Works, which, of all departments of the State government, may, through its patronage, exercise the most far-reaching corrupt influence. We remember the still greater shock administered to the public conscience by Governor MORTON when, after having posed in his message as an ardent friend of civil service reform, he appointed as a civil service commissioner Mr. LORD, an equally notorious spoils man and machine politician, thus wantonly imperilling the progress of *the* reform most essential to our political morals. Considering that the main purpose of the civil service law is to rescue the public service from the grasp of spoils politics, the duty of the Governor in filling a commissionership was plain. He had simply to select a man well known to be in full sympathy with the principle and aim of the law. Instead of this he used the commissionership itself as a piece of spoil to be tossed to a spoils politician, and this spoils politician commended by Mr. PLATT'S henchmen *for the very reason* that he would seek, as much as he could, to take the life out of the civil service law. There have been few more scandalous political transactions than this.

These are some of the specimen payments-on-account already made by Governor MORTON for Mr. PLATT'S friendship. But he must not forget that with Mr. PLATT they will count for nothing unless the creditor's further charges are satisfied in full. Mr. MORTON should well consider what this means. He must be aware that an alliance with Mr. PLATT is virtually an alliance with Tammany Hall. There could be no stronger proof of this than the cooperation of the PLATT forces and hosts of Tammany braves in making up the recent Republican enrolment in New York city, as well as the constant readiness of the Tammany votes in the State Legislature to support PLATT measures whenever needed. Governor MORTON must therefore make up his mind to it that in order to retain Mr. PLATT'S friendship he will have to join this noble confederacy. He will have to sanction all the legislation devised by Mr. PLATT to the end of bringing about the political death of all of Mr. MORTON'S own respectable friends; to deliver the city of New York, bound hand and foot, into the hands of the PLATT-Tammany robber partnership, and so on. He will have to do all this, and who knows what more? for—we cannot repeat it too strongly—if he fail in anything, all he has done will go with Mr. PLATT for nothing.

This is the price at which, judging from present appearances, Governor MORTON will be permitted to stand in the National Republican Convention as the candidate of New York. And behind all this will loom up, in case of Mr. MORTON'S nomination and election, the form of THOMAS C. PLATT as Secretary of the Treasury. If the Republicans can be defeated this autumn, it is just such a prospect that may defeat them.

We commend these things to Governor MORTON for serious meditation. He may think that, in order to be nominated for the Presidency, Mr. PLATT'S active friendship is necessary to him. But is it necessary to him or to anybody else that he should be nominated for the Presidency at such a price? Is it not more necessary to him that he should be an honorable man in public, as he is in private life, and should leave a decent reputation behind him? New York has one of her sons in the Presidential chair who was three times nominated and twice elected because the people trusted and cherished him "for the enemies he had made." These enemies were just the same class of politicians that now seem to befriend Mr. MORTON. Is he ambitious to furnish the companion picture—a son of New York distrusted and rejected "for the friends he has made"? Let him not forget that these new friends of his are as treacherous as they are disreputable. If he continue his co-operation with them he may at last discover that he sacrificed his good principles, the public interest, and his fair fame for nothing. Not only will such associations repel from him self-respecting people, but Mr. PLATT, whenever he deems it to his advantage, will not hesitate a moment to sell off Governor MORTON to the highest bidder, and to drop him as a miserable wreck by the way-side.

Mr. MORTON has reached the age which may admonish him gravely to consider what kind of name he would wish to leave behind him. He is now making his last record, which will put its stamp upon his whole public life. We are speaking of Governor MORTON in a spirit by no means unfriendly. We sincerely wish him well. And we should be very sorry if, after a career containing so much that was respectable, he were to be remembered only as the guilty tool, and at the same time as a dupe and victim of one of the most unscrupulous political sharpers of our time.

NO ALLIES WANTED.

MR. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have recently intimated that they would welcome an alliance between the United States and Great Britain for the maintenance and enforcement of the MONROE doctrine. As both these gentlemen are prominent members of Lord SALISBURY'S government, it may be assumed that they speak with authority. As the intimations were made in speeches addressed to public bodies, and were received with much favor and applause, it may be assumed that the idea of an alliance between Great Britain and the United States is not an unwelcome one in England.

It is not strange that talk of this kind is indulged in. It is the natural result of the warlike atmosphere which our Jingoes have been able to create. An alliance is entered into for warlike purposes, and if the United States government is to be counted among the contentious powers, it is natural that we should be thought of as an ally by nations that are hard beset and whose interests for the moment seem to be the same as our own. It is true that the Jingoes pretend that their passion for the MONROE doctrine arises from their desire to obey WASHINGTON'S injunction against foreign entanglements, and that they are warning European countries to keep their hands off of America in order that the desires of the Father of his Country may be realized. But they are really endeavoring to force the country into taking part in an international dispute, a necessary party to the dispute being a European power which is involved in many international complications. The natural tendency of the participation of this country in such a dispute would be to involve it in just such entangling alliances as WASHINGTON disapproved. It is because we have apparently joined the army of international disputants that members of the British government like Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN feel inclined to invite us to take a deeper interest and to play a larger part in present diplomacy and prospective war.

We do not want to enter into an alliance with Great Britain for war on any account, and especially do we not want such an alliance as is suggested by Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and which has been heretofore advocated by the London *Spectator*. There has been a good deal of false sentiment poured forth both by American and by English orators since Mr. CLEVELAND made his mistake. We have heard a good deal about the kinship of the two peoples, and we trust that eventually all the wordy hopes that have found expression will be realized. But just now the question between the two countries will be settled by considerations affecting their material interests. War will thus be avoided, but in the mean time sentimentalism is out of place. Behind all of it that finds expression in England there is apparent a just regard for the empire and her colonies.

What could be better for Great Britain, for example, assuming that at some time in the near or remote future she is to be forced into a war with some other European power, than an alliance with this country? We do not desire to see England distressed or humiliated, but why should we help her out of her difficulties by the expenditure of the treasure and lives of our citizens? If an alliance were entered into between this country and Great Britain, the latter's American colonies on this hemisphere would have a protector in the United States. Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will say that such an alliance for the maintenance of the MONROE doctrine is logical, because the United States and Great Britain are the two great American powers. It is true that the two occupy more territory than any other two powers, but Great Britain is nevertheless not an American power. If the two, however, joined for the enforcement of the MONROE doctrine, the United States would be compelled to resist as well attempted encroachments of European powers upon British colonies as assaults upon the integrity of American republics. It would be well for Great Britain if she could secure the assistance of the United States for the defence of her American colonies, but what would be the effect in this country? The colonies would be open to the attacks of any European power with which Great Britain might be embroiled, and consequently the United States, by reason of the suggested agreement, would be in danger of getting involved in every European war in which England was one of the contending parties. If the United States and England are to say that no European power shall secure larger possessions than it now holds on these continents, then the United States will bind itself to champion England's cause, and to become involved in England's entanglements whenever British-American colonies are attacked by any of her European enemies. And why, we repeat, should we expend the treasure and lives of our people for the preservation of Great Britain's power on this continent? Certainly the British colony has not proved to be so good a neighbor that we are justified in going to war to preserve it!

Moreover, an alliance between two nations implies the possibility of war, and the republic of the United States has no warlike mission. The MONROE doctrine is part of the policy of the country—we must be understood always as meaning the true MONROE doctrine, and not its modern counterfeit—and yet we are not bound to enter into a war for the defence of that doctrine in every case of its violation. It was never suggested that we should protect every American state from invasion whether our own interests were involved or not; on the contrary, it is absolutely essential to our own interests that we should insist on the exercise of our discretion, and that we should determine upon our course only when the occasion arises. To agree to any other course would be to hold ourselves in readiness to protect every American state, to assume the international responsibilities of the whole continent without obtaining any compensatory power or privileges. As the MONROE doctrine stands to-day, and so far as we have assumed any obligations under it, we are at liberty to declare that any trouble which may arise between an American state and a European power does not concern us, because our interests are not involved, and our institutions and form of government are not imperilled. But if

we should ally ourselves to England or any other power for the maintenance of the MONROE doctrine, we would be obliged to follow our ally, to take its interests as well as our own into consideration. If, for instance, Great Britain, being our ally, should insist that France was violating the MONROE doctrine in her dispute with Brazil, our relations with the European republic would be strained at once.

With all due appreciation of the kindly sentiments which Mr. BALFOUR, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and other British statesmen are expressing for them, the American people are likely to decline firmly to be seduced into an alliance of any kind that may drag the country into European complications. If we are ever again to engage in war, it is to be hoped that it will be a war that is forced upon us, and not one in which we are the aggressor; and if that hope is to be realized, the United States must stand alone in its relations to other nations. A partnership with another country would deprive us of the absolute control of our relations with the rest of the world. We would be at the mercy of the mistakes or of the rashness of our partner. We might perchance be forced to assume a quarrel on account of our ally which we could not justify, in which it was the aggressor, and consequently in which we would be really in the wrong. The people of the United States will always be found ready to fight with courage and effectiveness for their rights; but it is to be hoped that they will never be induced to help fight the wars of others. There is no country in the world which has the right to claim our alliance—neither Great Britain nor another. There is no existing difference between us and any other power which can possibly demand a settlement by war.

THE SENATE AND ITS FREE-COINAGE FOLLY.

THE United States Senate has not improved in consequence of the almost universal indignation and contempt which it has recently drawn upon itself. It is difficult to imagine the state of mind of men who not only are indifferent to the disgrace into which they have already fallen, but who voluntarily, and even gayly, go on plunging deeper and deeper into the mire. In 1893 the Senate refused to permit the repeal of the SHERMAN act until it was compelled to act by an irresistible storm of public wrath, and it thus earned the distrust and contempt of the country. From one end of the land to the other, in the press and by individuals of all political parties, it was said that the Senate had lost its character, and it was seriously suggested that some new method for selecting Senators should be adopted, to the end that mining camps, scheming and fantastic adventurers, and philosophers of the intellectual slums should have less influence over the body in which the country had once felt a just pride.

The wrath that was poured out by the public, however, produced little effect on the Senators who deserved it. When Congress met in regular session, the Senate at once invited another outburst by refusing to pass any tariff bill that did not take care of the rich and influential Sugar Trust. Again there were loud and threatening expressions of indignation, of contempt, and of insistence that the Senate should be reformed. This time the outcries were followed by results. HILL, GORMAN, and BRICE were defeated in their respective States, and there was a welcome echo from the disturbance of 1893 in the defeat of the Democrats of Kentucky on the silver issue. It seemed as though the day of reckoning for the defiant ignorance and cupidity which dominated the Senate had really dawned.

Nevertheless, this extraordinary body of legislators proceeds in the way that it has marked out for itself, and marked out apparently without regard to the wishes of the country or to sound economic or political principles. The President has asked for power to replenish the resources of the government by the issue of gold bonds. The Republican majority in the House of Representatives has refused to help Mr. CLEVELAND in his effort to sustain the public credit, but it has passed a bond bill. Bad as this response is, the Senate has done infinitely worse. It has substituted for the bond bill a bill providing for the free coinage of silver. This action is not only an unpatriotic denial of remedial legislation which every sensible man knows to be needed by the country, but it is absurd to the point of childishness. The free-silver bill is passed after the financial heresy which it embodies has been exposed. The inability of the United States to sustain alone the free and unlimited coinage of silver has been demonstrated even to the satisfaction of the opportunist politicians who controlled last year's political conventions. States which have been counted on as solid for silver have been convinced, and have recorded themselves against free coinage. The lugubrious prediction that Colorado would become a community of mendicants by the repeal of the purchase law has been disproved. The wails over the coming disappearance of gold have been answered by such an increase of gold production as the world has never before witnessed. The hope that Germany and England would soon join the international bimetallic movement has been rudely blasted. The printing-presses have ceased to groan under the weight of cheap-silver pamphlets. Even the silver-mining camps are settling down to the regular business of selling their ores in the markets of the world at market prices. There is no one in or out of the Senate who does not know that a free-coinage bill cannot become a law so long as Mr. CLEVELAND is President. Not many believe that such a bill can pass the House of Representatives so long as it is presided over by an aspirant for the Presidential nomination. And yet the Senate insisted on passing the bill, on wasting the public time that ought to be devoted to serious matters, on demonstrating once more its inability to comprehend the needs and desires of the country, its ignorance of the fundamental principles of monetary science, its frivolous indifference to its duties. It has passed a bill which not only cannot become a law, but which, if submitted to a popular vote, would be defeated by one of those overwhelming majorities under which the voters have been recently burying politicians and propositions that they do not approve of. Whether this has been done in reckless defiance of public sentiment or in sheer ignorance it is not necessary to inquire. In either case, the Senators who are responsible are not worthy to be legislators, and so long as the body to which they belong is controlled by them it will continue to be the most contemptible legislative chamber in English-speaking countries.

It is well for the country, at such a time, that the Senate is taken at its true value. If it were judged by the standards of former times, the passage of the free-coinage bill at this crisis in our monetary affairs would be followed by a panic. But the world knows our Senate, and knows that its action is meaningless, and that its majority is impotent. It can accomplish nothing except to add to its own odium. Therefore, so far as our prosperity is concerned, it is almost as if a month had not been wasted, and as if no free-coinage bill had passed, and this has been completely demonstrated by the wonderful display of confidence in the country's credit at home and abroad evidenced by the bids for nearly $600,000,000 of government bonds on the call for bids for $100,000,000, the offers being in some instances more than ten per cent. in excess of Mr. MORGAN'S syndicate proposition. A vote of this kind in the United States Senate does not even affect the uncertain fortunes of those whose hearts beat with the pulse of the stock-ticker, and whose ideas of legislation for a great people can be carried in their pocket-books. No one is likely to be injured by this folly except the Senators who voted for free coinage. And this is the saddest of all commentaries on the present condition of the Senate of the United States.

NON-POLITICAL LEGISLATION.

IN the history of this country the connection between legislation and politics has been so constant and so uniform as to create a popular impression that it was essential and inevitable. Such an impression has been sedulously cultivated and insisted on by the professional politicians, who have thereby found their paths made easier, and in this they have been much assisted by the course of events. Nearly all the questions that occupied our earlier statesmen were purely political, and even down to the settlement of the questions growing out of the civil war the political interest was largely predominant. It is accordingly not to be wondered at if in the popular mind all legislation was looked on as subordinate to politics.

As a result of much energetic work in reform of this kind people are beginning to realize that there is not necessarily any relation between the contentions of politics and the proper management of their municipal interests. Yet we believe there are comparatively few who realize how large a part of modern State legislation is devoted to subjects which can be dealt with only by the legislative authority of the State, but which have no relation whatever to politics.

In the January number of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, published for Harvard University, Mr. WILLIAM B. SHAW gives a sketch of the "Social and Economic Legislation of the States in 1895," which is a revelation on this point merely in the number of topics it mentions. Among the subjects it cites as having occupied the attention of different State Legislatures during the year are the following: The arbitration of labor disputes; the black-listing of employés; the establishment of free State employment bureaus; the registration of labor; the times, terms, and conditions of wage payments; the law of laborers' liens; the regulation of "sweat shops" and bakeries; the hours of employment of street railway employés; the protection of motormen; the employment of convict labor.

Other subjects mentioned are the ten-hour day for minors and women, the employment of children in factories and shops and in theatres, the inspection of all workshops, and the enforcement of sanitary regulations; the regulation of the liquor traffic, the reformation and care of drunkards, the suppression of the cigarette, anti-gambling laws of all kinds, laws against prize-fighting, and regulating the relations of the sexes, laws modifying the forms of land titles, laws for highway improvement, for irrigation, for public works, for the control of watersheds, forests, and streams, subsidies to agriculture (in Nebraska and North Dakota), for pensions to schoolteachers, for succession taxes, and even graduated taxes.

Yet there is not a single one in all the list of topics quoted which has any relation to politics, or which can be called a political question. They are all questions of importance, closely connected with the welfare of the people and the stability of the state, but they are also questions which can be dealt with satisfactorily and successfully only by laying aside all political considerations in dealing with them.

PAPER BULLETS.

APPARENTLY it has come into the minds of some of the editors of Continental newspapers that the publication of Mr. POULTNEY BIGELOW'S "German Struggle for Liberty," as it has been made in monthly instalments during the past year, is calculated to give umbrage to the reactionary party in Berlin, and more especially to Emperor WILLIAM II. And certainly one must admit that Mr. BIGELOW'S vivid historical narrative is the story of a *people's* war, in which royalty cuts but a sorry figure; aristocracy relinquishes its leading rôle, and a great popular uprising ultimately dislodges the armies of NAPOLEON—in spite of the weakness of a Prussian king, in spite of the cowardice, prejudice, and incompetency of Prussian nobles. And now (most opportunely for the designs of those writers who, in their own Teutonic or Gallic fashion, are past-masters in the art of constructing a sensational or venomous paragraph) it transpires that Mr. BIGELOW visited Berlin recently, on behalf of three ill-used life-insurance companies, and that he returned to New York without having made an appeal to the Kaiser.

A few of the ingenious misstatements to which this circumstance has given rise in the German press are mentioned by Mr. BIGELOW himself, in his letter which we print on another page of this issue, but perhaps the most circumstantial invention comes to us from France. A Parisian newspaper treats its readers to a pathetic little story of two friends—"GUILLAUME II." and "M. POULTNEY-BIGALOW, ancien câmarade d'université de l'empereur à Bonn"; with an episode that introduces Prince HOHENLOHE; with a quarrel, followed by reconciliation; with a culminating and irreparable disaster, when the Emperor learns that his trusty comrade and "companion on all his long journeys" has placed his influence, "moyennant finance," at the service of American insurance companies.... "and the directors of the American companies announce, it seems, their intention of bringing suit to recover the money that M. POULTNEY-BIGALOW secured by boasting an influence that he no longer possessed"!

It is almost a shame to demolish a climax so artistic; and yet, in justice to Mr. BIGELOW, we have pleasure in making public the following letter:

"NEW YORK, *January* 28, 1896.

"*Poultney Bigelow, Esq.:*

"DEAR SIR,—In view of the general interest taken by our citizens in the relations of our great insurance companies to the Prussian government, it seems to me that the request of HARPER'S WEEKLY for an authentic account of your recent visit to Berlin in behalf of this department is reasonable and timely. If any further justification were needed for publishing your official authority it will be found in the misrepresentations of certain Prussian journals, which are unfair and injurious, not only towards you personally, but towards the interests you represent. I therefore freely leave it to your judgment what facts you shall communicate upon this subject to the newspaper in question. Yours very truly,

JAMES F. PIERCE,
Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York."

THE COMPETITION OF JAPAN.

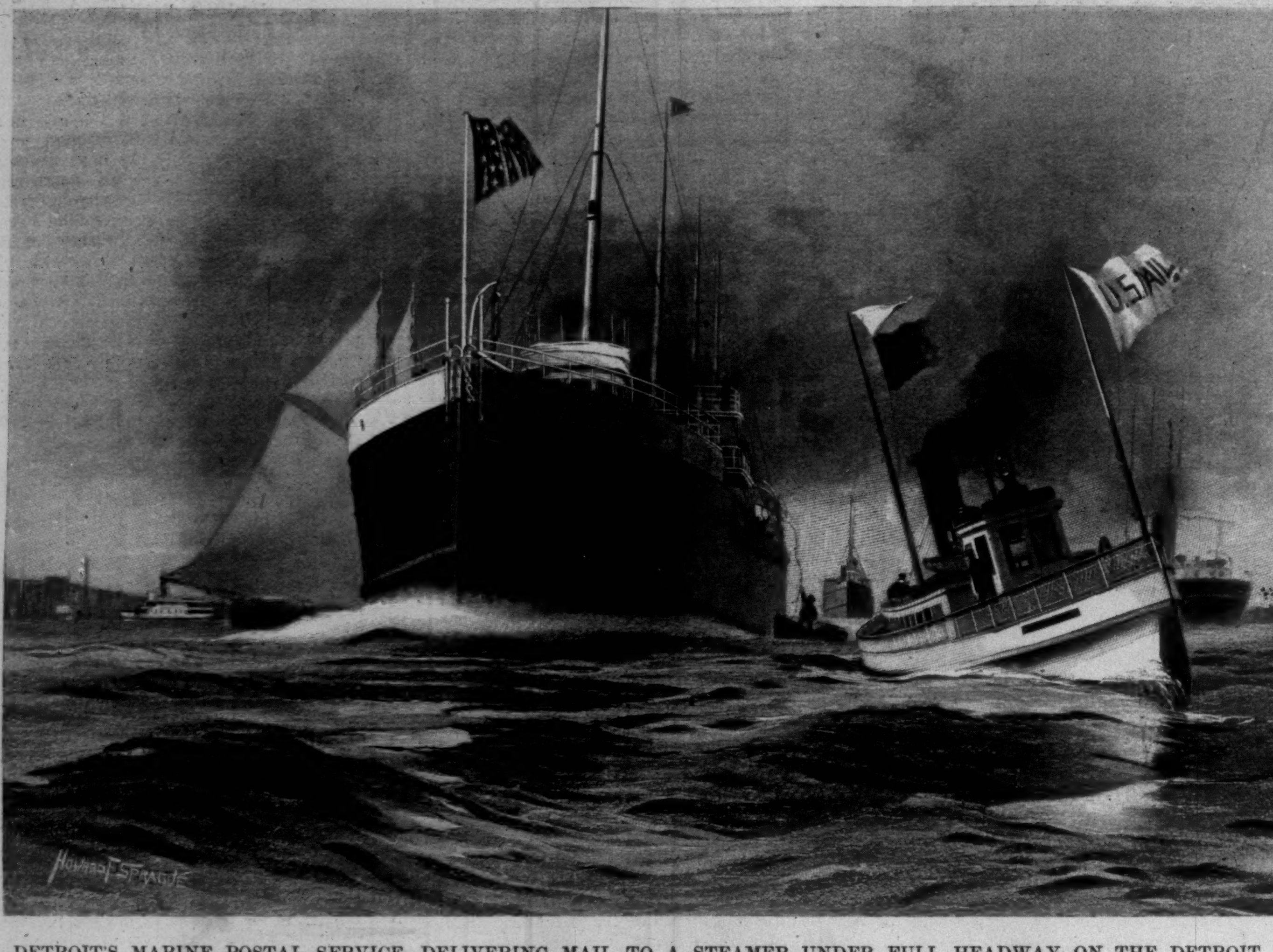
AMONG the possible results of our closer acquaintance with Japan, growing out of the recent war between that country and China, is that of successful competition on the part of Japan in industrial fields heretofore occupied exclusively by the peoples of European race.

Up to the present time the merely speculative possibility of danger to European civilization had been expected from China. A great many thoughtful people have believed that if we should succeed in teaching our methods to the Chinese we might have to pay dearly for it. If we could teach China to use her resources in war as Germany has used hers, the result might be unpleasant. The capacity of China for furnishing the proverbial "food for powder" is inexhaustible. A Mongolian domination of the human race would be a calamity worse than the Deluge. This danger, if it ever existed, was always remote. The Japanese danger is near at hand. It is worth considering. These skilful and industrious people have advanced from their primitive methods of manual labor; they have undertaken the application of machinery to production, and they have already achieved notable results.

The note of alarm has been sounded from the Pacific coast; the Chamber of Commerce and the Manufacturers' and Producers' Association of San Francisco have held a joint meeting to take action. They propose to investigate and to memorialize Congress. Among the articles already produced by Japan are buttons, watches, nails, textile goods, baskets and wooden-ware, straw goods, matting, matches, and even sewing-machines and bicycles.

Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON has pointed out that Japan will have to depend on this country for her raw cotton. The Japanese bicycles are declared to be clumsy and inferior. On the other hand, we are told that a straw-plaiting works in Connecticut is about to remove its plant to Japan. The Oakland Nail Company, of California, is said to be preparing to make the same move. Japanese capital is purchasing European and American plants for the manufacture of jute, cotton, silk, iron, and steel.

How far the movement will proceed remains to be seen. There are two circumstances to be borne in mind. One is that any addition made by Japan to the world's total production will lead to an increase in the world's capacity for consumption. The other is that the demand for Japanese labor will greatly change the rate of Japanese wages. The Japanese workman will not long continue to work for five cents a day when his work is worth a dollar. But the new situation is well worthy of careful study.



DETROIT'S MARINE POSTAL SERVICE—DELIVERING MAIL TO A STEAMER UNDER FULL HEADWAY ON THE DETROIT RIVER.
DRAWN BY HOWARD F. SPRAGUE.

DETROIT'S MARINE POSTAL SERVICE.

WITH the close of navigation on the Great Lakes there came to an end an experiment by the postal authorities of extending the free-delivery system of Detroit to the river on which that city is situated. The experiment consisted of delivering to and receiving from vessels mail-matter while the vessels were going at full speed. The scheme was in operation during the entire season, and was an unqualified success. For the first month only ninety letters were delivered to passing ships, but before the close of navigation the mail delivery amounted to an average of 500 pieces of mail-matter a day. It is the only delivery service of the kind in the world.

The idea of establishing this kind of a delivery originated with Charles F. Swan, the superintendent of the delivery of mails in the Detroit Post-office. The Washington authorities carefully examined the feasibility of the project, and decided to make the experiment. The Detroit River is the busiest highway of commerce in the United States—and probably in the world. The commerce of the Lakes meets there, and numerous statistics have been printed from time to time to show that in traffic the Suez Canal and New York Harbor, or, indeed, any other harbor, are small affairs compared with the Detroit River. There seems to have been no successful attempt to question the accuracy of these statistics. Almost every variety of craft used in commerce on an extended scale passes through this stream, which connects Lakes St. Clair and Erie. Some of the steamers are larger than the average of those used in ocean navigation.

To deliver mail-matter to a vessel going at full speed is no easy task. At first it was proposed to run a swift yacht alongside the ships, but this was not found to be feasible. The suction would probably draw the vessels together with a bump that would be little short of a collision, and would probably result in damage to both craft. It was finally decided to make use of a row-boat, from which a line could be thrown to a passing vessel, so that the boat could be made fast and dragged along while the exchange of mail was being made. Three carriers were selected to do the work in eight-hour shifts.

The plan adopted was to make use of a yacht, which towed the row-boat directly in front of a passing vessel and left it there. Then came a fine exhibition of watermanship. Just before the steamer crashed down on the row-boat and its occupant, a dexterous twist of the oars placed the little boat under the flank of one of the bows of the steamer. The "bone" in the teeth of the steamer then gave the row-boat a sharp thrust to one side, and as soon as the little craft had ridden the foaming wave the carrier rose in his seat and tossed a light line to the deck of the vessel, and then resumed his seat. The line was made fast, and soon the hissing coil of eighty feet was paid out from the row-boat, and with a leap like that of a monster fish attached to a line, the row-boat sprang forward, while the carrier in it hung on with a fierce grip to prevent himself from being hurled overboard.

As soon as the row-boat reached the momentum of the passing vessel, a pail was lowered from above with mail to go ashore, and in it was placed the mail for the ship, after which the line was cast off, and the row-boat was picked up by the yacht to which it was attached. This feat of delivering mail was always difficult in smooth water, but on stormy days, and with the river ploughed up by a strong sou'wester, it was exceedingly dangerous as well. Darkness added more danger to the task; but week by week the service grew and became a success. It is proposed now to ask Congress for an appropriation to build a swift and strong vessel for boarding purposes, one that will be fast enough to catch any vessel that passes through the river, and one also that will not be damaged by the shock of contact when the mail-boat is made fast to the other vessel.

Another valuable feature of this service was the supply of weather bulletins to the skippers of passing craft, and also the delivery and receipt of telegrams by means of affixing a two-cent stamp to pay for the passage of these messages through the hands of the mail messengers of the United States.

PRIZE-WINNING PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

NOT every year have our painters had the stimulus of so substantial a financial incentive to put forth their best efforts as during the present season, when considerably over ten thousand dollars has been offered in prizes, not to mention several gold medals.

In Boston $5000 was appropriated for awards in the winter exhibition of oil-paintings at the Art Club, and in Philadelphia, at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, a like sum was offered, through the public spirit and generosity of a citizen of that city, William L. Elkins. To this last were added the Walter Lippincott prize of $300 for the best landscape; the Mary Smith award of $100 for woman's work, and the Temple and Converse gold medals. The Art Club, of the same place, had already given a medal, while later there will come, at the National Academy of Design, the Clarke, Evans, Hallgarten, and Dodge prizes, with the Shaw and Webb funds, at the Society of American Artists.

Taking the awards all together, this year the choice has been eclectic, to say the least. In Philadelphia but little surprise was manifested at the selection of Abbott H. Thayer for first distinction. His "Caritas," winning the $3000, was admirably placed by the hanging committee, and attracted much attention from all the visitors. The work is large both in size and conception, the composition being on lines already familiar to those who have followed Mr. Thayer's career. A figure of Charity—calm, dignified, and thoroughly typical—stands in the centre of the canvas, against the trunk of a tree, with outstretched hands, as she watches over the children who cling to her skirt. The arrangement is excellent, well balanced, and logical; the painting is able, sober, and technical, in spite of certain mannerisms of putting on the pigment that invariably accompany the artist's work. Mr. Thayer was born in Boston in 1849, was a student at the *École des Beaux-Arts* under Gérôme, and at one time president of the Society of American Artists.

The second prize, carrying with it $2000, went to Edmund C. Tarbell, the Boston painter, for a canvas called "Girl with the White Azaleas." Mr. Tarbell had already been awarded gold medals, both at the Art Club in Philadelphia and at last year's exhibition at this same academy. The painting is bold and forceful, and the note is one that is thoroughly personal. The painter is principal instructor in the school of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Seven men made up the jury who decided on the merits of these canvases. Four of them were artists, Robert F. Blum, Edward Simmons, Frank Benson, and Robert W. Vonnoh, together with Henry G. Marquand, president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, John G. Johnson, the well-known collector, and Alfred C. Lambdin, an art critic—the last two being Philadelphians. Painters on the regular jury awarded the Temple medals of the Pennsylvania Academy to Gari Melchers for his picture of a Dutch interior with figures, entitled "The Family," and to Humphreys Johnston for a curiously original composition of a single figure, "Le Domino Rose." Both of these works were painted abroad, and hung in last year's New Salon in Paris, where they received favorable comment.

To Winslow Homer the directors of the academy gave the Converse gold medal of honor, a merited distinction; for among all our American painters no one has been more serious, conscientious, and thorough. From his famous war-picture, "Prisoners from the Front," painted more than two decades ago, to his latest alongshore studies of sky, rocks, and swirling sea, no man has worked with greater earnestness or achieved larger results. William L. Picknell, whose landscape bore off the Walter Lippincott prize, is of the middle generation of native painters, his recognition by the French juries dating back over fifteen years, when his very sunny and solidly executed "Road to Concarneau" received a *mention honorable*. Last among this distinguished party is a new-comer, Elizabeth Watson, who, with the inspiration of her father as a sitter, has captured the Mary Smith woman's prize of $100, and evolved a very creditable canvas, full of sincerity, painted with unassuming honesty and directness, giving evidence of the subtle artistic senses of color, form, and mass.

The first of the Boston prizes has been bestowed on J. Alden Weir. Mr. Weir has not always been as impressionistic in his tendencies as he is at present. This seems to have been a year highly favorable, in Boston at least, to the men of that cult, who find in nature only the sparkle of prismatic color, the chromatic vibrations of light, compositions of naïve simplicity, and the suggestion rather than any elaboration of the detail of the landscape or figure. The prizes have all been given to men working thus, and Mr. Weir's "Old Rock" has come in for its share of criticism, along with Mr. Hassam's "Summer Sunlight" and Mr. Benson's "My Little Girl," the winners respectively of the second and third prizes.

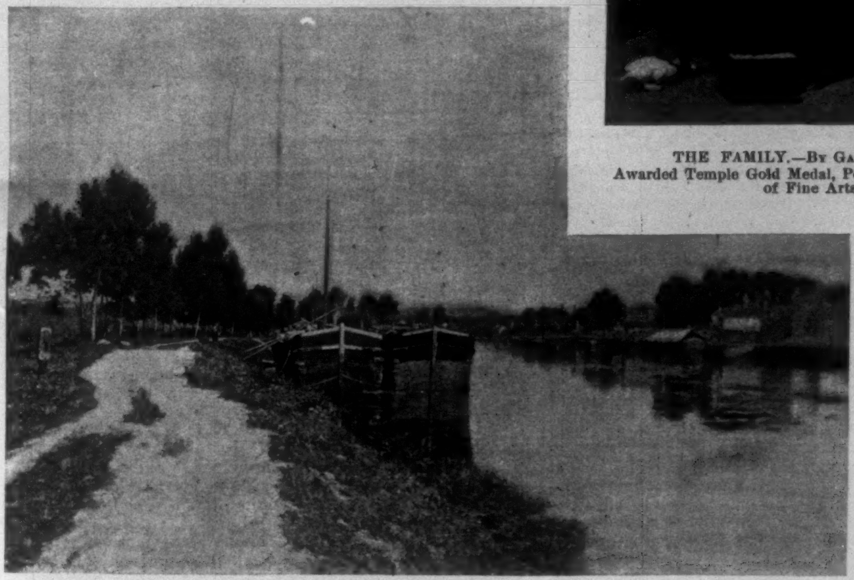
Time was when Mr. Weir directed his efforts, in portraiture particularly, to a solid, masculine, vigorous end, and gave less heed to the problems of the new school. Certainly, however, though there may be those who do not agree with his present propositions, there are none who will deny him great seriousness, and an earnest striving after what he deems the most important elements that go towards the making of a picture. So the committee has given $2500 to Mr. Weir, $1500 to Childe Hassam, and $1000 to Frank Benson, making up the total of $5000. Mr. Hassam has been frankly impressionistic from the first. With excellent draughtsmanship, a happy idea of color, and a strong notion of the pictorial, he has given delightful renderings of the streets and parks, both of New York and Paris, that have been much admired. Certain bits of sea-shore, too, with figures in the glare of mid-day, have been full of sunshine and vibrating color. These last are the qualities that this artist has given to the present work, where he has had full play to exploit the whole gamut of brilliant tones—to go as high as his palette, forced by impetuous desire, permitted, and far

GIRL WITH WHITE AZALEAS.—By Edmund C. Tarbell.
Awarded $2000—Elkins Prize, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

NORTHEASTER.—By Winslow Homer,
Who was awarded the Gold Medal of Honor, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

THE FAMILY.—By Gari Melchers.
Awarded Temple Gold Medal, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

MY LITTLE GIRL.—By Frank W. Benson.
Awarded Third Prize ($1000), Boston Art Club.



MORNING ON THE LOING.—By William L. Picknell.
Awarded Walter Lippincott Prize ($300), Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

LE DOMINO ROSE.—By Humphreys Johnston
Awarded Temple Gold Medal, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

SUMMER SUNLIGHT.—By Childe Hassam.
Awarded Second Prize ($1500), Boston Art Club.

CARITAS—ALLEGORICAL GROUP.—By Abbott H. Thayer.
Awarded $3000—Elkins Prize, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

PRIZE-WINNING PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

beyond the most daring of his fellow-craftsmen. The problem here of white sand, white dress, flesh against delicate sky and sparkling sea, combined with strong sunlight, was no child's play, and Mr. Hassam has held them all well in hand.

The last of the company, Mr. Benson, is by no means a novice at prize-winning. Both New York and Philadelphia have contributed towards his collection of laurels, while once before Boston thus honored him. He is a pupil of the Paris schools, an instructor of considerable repute in Boston, and a man of much promise. If the portrait of his child is more after the prevailing fashion among the followers of the new movement, it is safe, nevertheless, to pin a strong faith in his ability to give a good account of himself in the end, and to fulfil all the high expectations that have been formed.

ARTHUR HOEBER.

THE OLD ROCK.—BY J. ALDEN WEIR.
Awarded First Prize ($2500), Boston Art Club.

LIFE AND LETTERS

UNLESS the public prints are mistaken, in a measure uncommon even with the public prints, a lady has recently been excluded from the Society of Colonial Dames because she had nothing better to offer in the way of Colonial ancestry than Benjamin Franklin, who was decided to be not a gentleman and not a moral man. I confess that until this instance of social and ethical scrupulosity brought the Society of Colonial Dames rather vividly home to my consciousness, I was but vaguely aware of its existence, but I am now distinctly and thoroughly glad that it exists; and I hope that it may long continue to guard itself from the double contamination which it has just escaped by an act of timely vigilance. I am the more earnest in my desire for some criterion in the matters which the Society of Colonial Dames seems so ably to concern itself with, because I look forward to a time when they will be of greatly more importance to our people than they are now: and I am proud that the society has set an example in them which may well be followed by the Heralds' Offices all over the Old World. They have hitherto been so loosely regarded in Europe that polite genealogy has never exacted from any ancestor both gentility and morality. If he could be found of gentle birth, that was quite enough, and the affair of his morals was left to those who were curious in such minor points. The great probability, in remoter times, was that if he was by blood a gentleman, he was what would be called a scoundrel in another station of life; that is, he would be a homicide, or a seducer, or a gambler, or a drunkard, or a cheater of tradespeople, or perhaps all of these. He would be much more likely to be all of these than none of them, and if he was none the presumption would be against his gentility. But apparently we have refined upon these standards, and we require for admission to our Society of Colonial Dames an ancestry pure alike from the stain of evil life and from the shame of low origin. If the study of Franklin's history (and he told it pretty openly himself) shows him to have been of a common family and a mechanical calling, as well as of the usual eighteenth-century behavior toward women, one must regret the pain inflicted on his posterity by their exclusion from the Society of Colonial Dames, but one cannot deny that the grounds for it are just. I say, that now we have made a beginning in this business, we cannot be too careful in it, and as I look forward to a time when we shall have an aristocracy fully recognized by the constitutions and statutes of our several States, as well as by the actual divisions of society, I am very, very anxious that it should be the finest in the world, in all respects.

I.

Of course, our aristocracy will necessarily be composed of our very rich people, who ought to be found of an extraction suitable to their rank, if the inquiry is sufficiently painstaking. We have only to go back far enough, and the thing is done, and we must not be discouraged at the beginning of the inquiry. Perhaps if the Society of Colonial Dames had persevered in its researches the progenitors of the Franklins would have been found genteel enough even according to its rigorous standards, but this is a matter I do not care for so much. I would rather that the Franklins should suffer than that there should be any doubt of the quality of the American aristocracy which I am hoping for so eagerly. But if the most exhausting scrutiny of any family's annals reveals only facts so humiliating and scandalous that nothing can be done for the present generation in that way, we have still within our power a remedy which has ever been found sovereign.

I mean the institution of titles of nobility, which form a complete defence against conjecture or suspicion in the most desperate cases of ancestral vulgarity or iniquity. This is so clear that I am sure no one will feel the need of my saying that if Benjamin Franklin had come down in history as the Duke of Philadelphia, or Earl Franklin, instead of plain Doctor, the Society of Colonial Dames could have had no possible question of the fitness of his posterity. A patent of nobility has always, and in every country, had a retroactive force unknown to any other deed of authority. It ennobles not only the actual family, but it extends backward as well as forward in its influence, and redeems both ancestry and posterity from the taint of a plebeian origin or occupation. If it does not do so much for moral character, it is perhaps because that has never been thought a thing of moment until now; and it is by no means certain that experiment would not carry its effect so far. The Society of Colonial Dames ought really to give this question a little attention, I think; and I should be glad and proud of its support in the campaign for a titled aristocracy which, so far as I know, I am here making single-handed.

I am aware that there are serious difficulties in the way, which the absence of anything like a princely authority is perhaps the chief of; but if we should have Mr. Cleveland for a third term, a suitable image of hereditary power will not be wanting among us, and we could begin having titles at once. If it is not well to institute them on the national scale at first, there is nothing to prevent our having State titles, or even municipal titles, like those which could formerly be bought in Italy. They ennobled you in such and such a duchy or city, and did not carry beyond the frontier, or the corporation line. But with our native passion for handles of all sorts to people's names, it is not imaginable that a title bestowed by the Governor of New York would not be valid in Illinois, unless indeed Governor Altgeld should be indefinitely reelected; or that a patent of nobility issued by the city of Boston would not be honored in the city of Philadelphia. Perhaps this decentralization of the fountain of honor would be the simplest solution of the problem, as it would certainly be more in accord with the genius of our American institutions. The character of our State and city governments need not be held to affect the quality conferred, for titles have been often bestowed by princes who were the greatest scoundrels unhung at the moment in their dominions. A Tammany title would not necessarily characterize the wearer as a Tammany lord, for instance.

II.

It may be said that we do not need titles to establish ourselves in the full enjoyment of an aristocracy; that we already have the substance, and need not hunger for the shadow. It may be alleged that other republics where a perfectly recognized patriciate existed, like Athens, Rome, Venice, Genoa and Florence, got on quite well without titles. But a little reflection will show us the very wide difference between our condition and theirs. Class distinctions in those states were immemorial, and with us they are very recent. There they were never questioned as to their wisdom and justice; here a great many people, perhaps the most of our people, hold them in aversion and contempt. Those republics had no such censors of their civility as we have of ours in the newspapers which inundate us, and steep us in such irreverence for aristocracies of all sorts, that even the foreign nobles, who resort to us for the purpose of mating with our heiresses, are treated something like jokes, from the time they touch our shore till they shake its abundant dust from their feet. In fact we need titles, and we need them at once, if we are to hedge our upper classes with the divinity proper to upper classes. Titles, and titles alone, can establish them in the primacy to which their wealth gives them a claim. They already have every other equipment of a nobility. They have liveries, armorial bearings, and palaces in town and country, they have yachts and horses and hounds, they have all the splendors and grandeurs that money can buy; but without titles, their other advantages go morally for nothing. The man who would like to be kicked by an English duke would not prize the same attention from an American millionaire; but I think that titles would go very far to promote some such grateful spirit among our common people in their relation to their superiors.

Titles have come in the modern world to mean quality, and they imply social distinction so exclusively that a family name cannot stand for them as it did in the mediæval commonwealths and the republics of antiquity. Our very rich people in fact have some such relation to our civic and social body as the *popolani grassi* had to Florence of the early Medicean days. The Medici themselves were *popolani grassi*, and they used their fellow *popolani grassi*, who had made fortunes in mines, and oil, and railroads and real estate, to construct the splendid edifice of their power on the foundations of the democracy they overthrew. As long as they were themselves without titles they did not bestow them, but as soon as they became grand-dukes they behaved handsomely to their fellow *popolani grassi* in the matter of handles to their names.

Our own fat citizens (if I may so translate the Italian nickname for the new rich of that day) ought not to be made to wait any such event as the rise of Medici among us. They should be able to gratify the wish for an obvious and universally recognizable distinction in our actual conditions. In the present French republic there are abundance of titles, which, though they have no legal warrant, I believe, are of great social value; and we might have them here with the sort of geographical limit I have suggested. We need them especially in New York, where millionaires have now become so common from the tendency of the new fortunes to centre in the metropolis from all parts of the country, that to be a millionaire here is not to be anybody in particular. This must be painful to a man who is nothing else in particular, and I think it would be a good plan for the city to sell titles of nobility to such as were willing to pay for them. Or, if this municipal control savors something too much of socialism, we might have a Standard Title Company, with a franchise from the city government empowering it to issue patents of nobility. This plan would enable a number of rich men to grow richer at the expense of their fellow-plutocrats, and would involve none of the hardships to the poorer classes which monopolies are supposed usually to work.

III.

Upon the whole I am inclined to think a Standard Title Company would be the simplest and best means of satisfying a natural ambition on the part of people able to pay for their pleasure; and I wish that some such company might be organized without delay. It is evident that our rich people are becoming more and more an absentee class, because, as Mr. T. W. Higginson pointed out the other day in one of his admirable "Women and Men" papers, the American conditions offer wealth no logical ultimation. In monarchical countries wealth buys rank, sooner or later, if it is great enough, and means social distinction; but here it may only mean money to the end of the chapter. It is safe to say that there is not one of our multimillionaires who could not be a peer, or at least a baronet, if he were an Englishman; and it is really a great hardship, and enough to make a multimillionaire hate and despise his native land, that he can be nothing of the kind in America. In the case of our multimillionairesses it is not quite so bad, for they can easily buy titled husbands; but even if their brothers bought titled wives, they could not share their titles, and become dukes and lords as the multimillionairesses become duchesses and countesses. We must either make up our minds to lose our very rich men, or to offer them the only inducement which can keep them at home. We must institute titles for them, or we must forego the advantage of their moral and intellectual example, which is often so shining. They will take their money out of the country with them, and we shall lose that too. It is true that they will still draw their incomes from our industries and enterprises, our labors and our rents, and this will always be something, but it will not be like having them among us, lending distinction and lustre to our social life.

IV.

We must have titles, and hereditary titles at that. If the students of heraldry are now able to supply every American who can pay for it with a family escutcheon or crest, they can easily find a title at some time borne by people of his name, and the Standard Title Company will fully guarantee its enjoyment. I have just thought that in cases where parties could not afford the exclusive possession of a title, they might be fitted with a species of club-title, which would be confined to persons of their name, and could be enjoyed by the several proprietors on such different occasions as they should agree upon. Or titles might be rented of the company for a night, as fancy costumes are now rented; they might be hired for the season.

The main thing is to have them, on whatever terms. For the reasons that I have given, and for others that I could weary the reader by alleging, the matter is very important, and that is why I venture to urge it upon the attention of the Society of Colonial Dames. After their fastidious treatment of the Franklin ancestry, I am sure that such a cause would be safe in their hands, and I believe nothing could promote it like their interest and favor.

W. D. HOWELLS.

AMERICAN TRADE WITH GERMANY.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

AN ACCOUNT OF A MISSION TO PRUSSIA WITH A LETTER FROM THE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK STATE.

ON the morning of December 12, 1895, I received my official instructions, and that night I slept on board the good ship *Augusta Victoria*, bound for Hamburg. On January 22, 1896, I was back again.

Almost immediately after returning there arrived newspapers from Berlin stating that I had been treated to a cold shoulder by Emperor William; that the Minister of Foreign Affairs had refused to receive me; that I had procured admission to the Minister of the Interior by fraud; that I had come to Berlin merely to represent my own private interests as a large shareholder in one of the American life-insurance companies; and, finally, that the Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York had repudiated me.

So venomous were the German press attacks upon the objects of my mission that from those false and unwarranted attacks alone we may measure roughly the strong hostility towards American life-insurance companies competing for Prussian business.

Some fifteen years ago our three principal life-insurance companies—the Mutual, New York, and Equitable—applied to the Prussian government for permission to establish agencies in Berlin. The Prussian government made an exhaustive inquiry into the standing of these companies at home, and finally granted them the sought-for permission. Now life-insurance has been developed in America to so vast an extent and with so much skill that we may look upon this branch of industry as peculiarly a native one, with which nothing in Europe can compare. The Prussian official cannot understand how private enterprise can manage railway, telegraph, and express systems, which in Germany are government monopoly. Consequently, as years passed by, he commenced to feel that our life-insurance companies must be bad, because they were unlike anything in Prussia; and as time passed, this original suspicion became a settled conviction.

Our companies can offer to Prussian policy-holders better terms than any other companies. They invest their funds to better purpose, and can therefore pay in Germany a rate of interest higher than can the companies there. Our companies are stronger and more enterprising—there lies the secret of our success.

The people of Prussia appreciated the benefits conferred by our great insurance societies, but not so their government. About the year 1890, after we had been, therefore, ten years in Prussia, that government took counsel of its experts, and drew up a set of regulations artfully calculated to injure the American, and only the American, companies. The Prussian official who drew up these unfriendly regulations consulted exclusively experts hostile to our companies, and carefully ignored every representation made to him by our people, even when backed by the indorsement of the United States embassy.

By hard fighting, the American companies secured a few

delays at the hands of Prussia, but in the summer of 1895 the regulations were applied so definitely that under them it became impossible to do business satisfactorily in Prussia. One company was ejected; another made a pretence of retiring voluntarily; a third spent much money in seeking to conform to the hostile regulations, but to no satisfactory purpose. For the sake of making a short story, I speak of the three companies as one, and treat them as though they had acted in concert, while in fact each has developed its own powers according to individual experience, and each is affected differently by the Prussian edict. But, roughly speaking, our companies were ordered, under pain of expulsion, to conduct their business in a manner dictated to them by Prussian officials, and, what is more, in a manner not only fatal to their success, but which would have been contrary to the laws of the State of New York.

This was the state of things which called forth the following official letter to me from the Hon. James F. Pierce, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York. It is published here for the first time, and by permission—at least part of it:

"DEAR SIR,—This will certify that, having full confidence in your fidelity and discretion, I hereby appoint you bearer of the accompanying letter addressed by me as Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York to the Minister of the Interior of the Kingdom of Prussia, and beg you carefully to attend to the following instructions:

"You will proceed with due diligence to the city of Berlin, bearing with you such credentials and instructions as the Secretary of State of the United States may furnish, and will there obtain whatever aid the ambassador of the United States at the court of Berlin may render in obtaining a suitable presentation to the Minister of the Interior.

. . . .

"You will also, if in your discretion such a course seems likely to conduce to the purpose of your mission, seek a proper introduction or access to such other authorities of Prussia or of the German Empire as may promise to exercise a desirable influence upon the relations between those governments and the business interests of the people of this State, and in particular the interests of the corporations subject to the supervision of this department.

. . . .

"As soon as you have accomplished the duties specified in the preceding instructions you will return to New York, and deliver to me the papers, if any, with which you are intrusted by the authorities in question."

This document was legalized by the seal of the department, and further authenticated by the certificate and seal of the Secretary of State of the State of New York under date December 9, 1895.

In addition to this, Mr. Morton, the Governor of New York State, wrote a letter to Mr. Olney, the United States Secretary of State at Washington, invoking the good offices of our national government in the matter. In this letter the Governor not merely endorsed the action of the Superintendent of Insurance, but recited, upon that authority, "that three of the principal life-insurance companies of New York, which are among the most important and substantial financial corporations of the United States and of the world, have been, by the Department of the Interior of Prussia, unjustly excluded from that kingdom after they had been induced to establish agencies and make large investments of funds among its people."

Hereupon Mr. Olney gave the necessary instructions to our late ambassador in Berlin, General Runyon, and with that all was done that could be done to make valid a mission from a State of our Union to another state in the German Union.

Arrived in Berlin, on December 22d, General Runyon received me with the kindness I had anticipated, not merely because I had enjoyed his friendship for several years, but also because of the official document I showed him. Each day that I spent in Berlin I was in frequent communication with him, and we differed only on one point—as to whether I should present a long letter addressed by our Superintendent of Insurance to the Prussian Minister of the Interior. This long letter was pretty strongly worded, and plainly threatened retaliation in case Prussia did not promptly take steps to withdraw the unjust edicts against American life-insurance companies. My instructions ordered me to present this letter; General Runyon thought the letter should not be presented. Finally I compromised by promising that I should withhold this threatening document until the very last, and for the present seek friendly discussion of the subject with the different members of the German or Prussian government in so far as their departments were affected by the matter.

General Runyon could not speak German enough to hold a conversation on business matters, and had therefore been unable to talk this matter over informally with the Minister of the Interior. Had he been able to do so, I have no doubt that the general's great powers as a jurist and an advocate would have achieved a splendid triumph, for he would have spoken with the full weight of the national government, instead of merely as the agent of one State.

So I had two long talks with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Baron von Marshall. To him and to the other ministers General Runyon had given me formal letters of introduction, certifying to the character of my mission. I was formally accredited only to the Minister of the Interior, and therefore in conversation with other ministers carefully reminded them that I had sought these interviews exclusively in the hope that by personal explanations I might remove some of the doubts they might have had regarding the standing in America of our companies.

The new Minister of the Interior was out of town when I called, and would not return until January 2d. So I made my bow to his representative, who received me most courteously. This gentleman presented me to Mr. Von Knebel, who was immediately in charge of insurance matters.

Mr Von Knebel received me rather severely. He seemed afraid of some Yankee snare. So I proceeded to say that I had come, as the agent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York, to talk over the recent Prussian edicts; to assure the Prussian government with most solemn assurance that our great companies were eminently worthy of credit, and to seek of his government a modification of that hostile edict.

Upon that Mr. Von Knebel told me that our American companies were all insolvent; that they were recklessly managed. He had, he said, studied them closely for five years, and each year they seemed to him more rotten than the year before. It was useless my protesting that these companies were annually inspected by the Insurance Department of the State of New York. All that he brushed aside as so much rubbish and humbug.

Next day Mr. Von Knebel sent me a Prussian insurance paper filled with gross falsehoods about American insurance companies, and evidently written by the German manager of some rival concern. All the offensive statements were underlined in blue and red pencils. At the same time came a letter from Mr. Von Knebel telling me that in those statements I might find the justification of what he had said in conversation.

But Mr. Von Knebel is not the Minister of the Interior of Prussia—though in the past he has been the official who has drawn up for that minister all material affecting insurance.

With the ministers themselves my intercourse was without exception agreeable. They each in turn professed a warm desire to see all cause for irritation on our part removed, and declared that the whole matter ought to be once more reconsidered in the spirit of fair play. The Minister of Finance, the Minister of Commerce, and also the Imperial Minister Von Boetticher—one and all spoke in this sense.

When at length the new minister, Von der Recke, returned to Berlin, he too promised me that the whole subject should be once more investigated; that this investigation should be conducted not merely by those who had served in former years, but by new men as well. Of course, Mr. Von der Recke pleaded that, having only just come into this new position, he would require some time before he could familiarize himself with the details, and therefore limited himself to general promises, which he carefully omitted to put in black and white.

With the new minister I had several interviews. He listened with most exemplary patience to all that I had to say. He appeared anxious to learn the grounds of my protest, and to discover a path out of our difficulties. I begged him to make inquiries if a single German policy-holder had ever found fault with his treatment at the hands of the Americans; to ask if these Americans had altered their methods of doing business since the year when they first entered Berlin. I repeated to him the offer of our companies to pay all expenses if Prussia would send her experts over to New York, to satisfy themselves on the spot that we are just what we pretend to be.

When I gave Mr. Von der Recke and other ministers my solemn personal assurance that our great New York companies were regarded by us as thoroughly respectable concerns, they appeared politely sceptical. They had been evidently educated to think our corporations rather unsafe.

"I may be mistaken," I said more than once, "but as a New-Yorker born and bred I feel towards these great companies just as I may suppose that you feel in regard to the solvency of the Hamburg and Bremen steamship lines, or any other great German industrial corporation."

On January 10th I left Berlin, and before doing so left with the Prussian Minister of the Interior the letter whose safe delivery was the specific occasion of my crossing the Atlantic. I had followed the friendly advice of General Runyon so long as I could safely exercise the discretion allowed me by the Superintendent of the New York State Insurance Department, and acted upon my sole responsibility in the matter of its presentation, though with the knowledge of our embassy.

Before I left Berlin I had a farewell audience with the Prussian minister, in which I thanked him for his courteous treatment of my representations; and then I expressed my regret that his government should force the government of the State of New York to present to him such a letter as the one of which I had been the bearer. But I explained to him that time was a most important element in this matter; that the different State Legislatures of America would meet very soon, and that the treatment of our life-insurance companies in Prussia would probably be one of the first things considered. I reminded his excellency the minister that the State of New York had lost not a moment in the matter; that I had been hurried over in the midst of the Christmas holidays in order that Prussia might have the assurance that our objects were wholly friendly.

Also, I took occasion to remind him that the Superintendent of Insurance of New York had addressed a letter of protest to the Prussian government as far back as July 10th of last year, but that so far that letter had never been answered, although it was transmitted through the American embassy.

To these and all other representations the minister answered in a friendly manner, but as one who might have said, "Personally I am quite of your way of thinking, but there are wheels within wheels in Prussia, and I must act in harmony with other forces than the one I directly control."

He did not say so, but no doubt the German government feels like getting even with the United States because of our having treated their beet-root sugar unkindly.

The German papers, almost without exception, defended the edict expelling American insurance companies. There was very little sober discussion of the matter, for in Germany most of the newspapers depend, at least to some extent, upon the government for support, and when the government desires a certain measure defended it is sure of having its inspired "copy" printed to a very large extent. In this case the newspapers generally referred to our insurance companies as unsafe, if not swindling enterprises, and characterized my mission as one intended to force upon Prussia legislation hostile to the interests of Germany.

Perhaps I should have sought an audience of the Emperor, but I did not. Had he declined to receive me it would have been as though he had said, "Don't mix business with pleasure!" Had he given me an audience the German press would have been still more angry, and accused me of having employed back-stairs intrigue to achieve the object of my mission. My credentials were to the Minister of the Interior, and therefore it was with him alone that I sought to do business. To have gone and rang the bell at the Kaiser's palace would have looked just as it would had a German agent accredited to the Insurance Department at Albany chosen to ignore Superintendent Pierce and gone off to Washington in search of the President. He would certainly have got the cold shoulder.

But that does not alter matters of life-insurance, in which it is now the duty of Americans to treat the companies of Prussia just as severely as we have been treated in Berlin. In no other way can we make Germans in Germany rouse themselves and bring pressure to bear upon the Prussian government, so that soon it shall revoke the unnecessary and unjust edict which excludes from their country our chief life-insurance companies.

FÉLIX FAURE.

M. FÉLIX FAURE, who has recently finished his first year as President of the French Republic, was born in Paris on January 31, 1841, and is therefore just entering upon his fifty-sixth year. He is the son of a furniture-maker, and enjoyed in early life the advantage of a good elementary education. At the age of fourteen he went to England, entered a commercial school, learned the English language, and acquired a knowledge of business methods. Two years later he returned to France and settled at Amboise. There he took a special course in natural philosophy, chemistry, mathematics, and political economy, and afterwards decided to engage in the leather business.

"To trade in leather," he argued, "I must begin by knowing leather, and the best way to get at this knowledge is to enter a tannery." Accordingly he entered M. Dumée's tannery at Amboise as a common workman, and was placed under a foreman, who taught him the trade. He worked there for several months, passing from one shop to another to study the different processes of manufacture.

M. Félix Faure was a frequent visitor at the house of M. Guinot, a well-known contractor and builder, and for more than twenty years Senator or Deputy. Here M. Faure fell in love with and married Mlle. Belluot, a niece of Madame Guinot's. Certain newspapers representing an unscrupulous political party that hopelessly expects to overturn the French Republic have sought to impugn M. Faure's fitness for the Presidency by bringing out the fact that Madame Faure was the dowerless daughter of an absconding bankrupt. The tables were, however, in this case completely turned against those who started the campaign. Most Frenchmen rightly concluded from the outset that, instead of casting discredit upon the President, his unselfish action under the circumstances constituted another reason for their esteem, and tokens of sympathy, devotedness, and respect flowed in from all parts of the country to the Élysée Palace, whose occupant is today the most popular man in France.

To return to Amboise, where we left M. Faure as a working tanner. After serving as an apprentice for a few months he was made foreman. Then he started on his own account, went to the river Plate, studied the export leather trade, and finally settled at Havre, where he opened a warehouse that soon became one of the most important in the business. When, shortly after the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, Gambetta was obliged to improvise armies, M. Félix Faure took command of a battalion of militia raised in the Department of the Seine-Inférieure, and bravely did his duty on various battle-fields. After peace was declared he went back to Havre, resumed his business, which in time brought him a handsome fortune.

During his active commercial career M. Félix Faure gave considerable care to social questions. Indeed, few Frenchmen engaged in business have devoted a larger share of their time and attention to the study of those problems that so intimately concern the welfare of the working-classes. From 1870 to 1880, and long before he thought of entering political life, M. Faure was at the head of numerous charitable organizations that had been set on foot by him for the purpose of morally and materially aiding the working-people. He had scarcely entered the Chamber of Deputies in 1881, when Gambetta made him Assistant Colonial Minister, which post he held in several subsequent cabinets. In both the Senate and the Chamber M. Faure proved himself an orator of the practical sort in all the discussions of the most important bills. He was elected Vice-President of the Chamber in 1894, and afterwards became Minister of the Marine in the first Dupuy cabinet. It was while he occupied this post—in which he displayed high administrative qualities—that he was elected to succeed M. Casimir-Perier.

Physically M. Félix Faure is a handsome man; he is of stalwart build and commanding air; his bearing is extremely elegant; he dresses in good taste, and is a highly decorative figure at state ceremonials and on official occasions. He has always been a great lover of out-door sports; no one knows better than he how to sit a horse or manage a yacht; he is equally skilful with a fowling-piece, or a foil at a fencing bout. In his present high position M. Félix Faure has not changed his old business-like ways. At whatever time he may retire to rest, he is always up at five o'clock in the morning. At six his private secretary, military secretary, and administrative clerk enter his study to take his orders. At seven he receives the visits of the different heads of departments, who all find it difficult to get accustomed to these matutinal convocations. His robust health and virile energy never flag, but he tires out those who work with him. By his amiability, unassuming manners, and generosity M. Faure at once enlisted popular sympathy, although he never went out of his way to court the favor of the crowd, for he dislikes all sham and puffing. He avoids, if he can, anything in the shape of a demonstration. When, however, during a journey which he made some months ago in Touraine, he visited Amboise for the purpose of giving a gold medal to the old workman who was once his foreman, and who still belongs to the Dumée tannery, the entire population turned out to meet him, cheering him both as President and nephew of the late Senator Guinot, whose memory is cherished in those parts as a public benefactor.

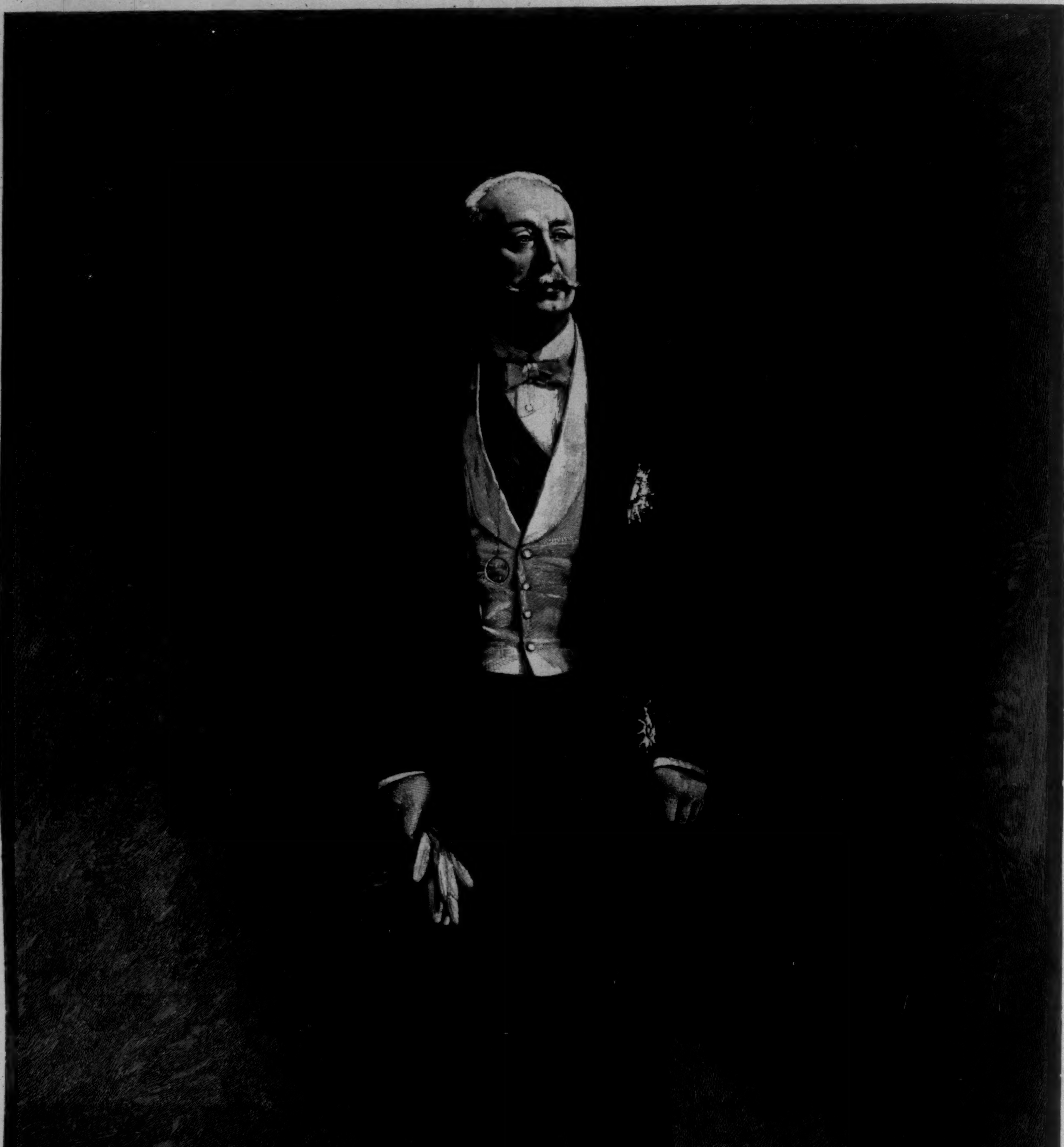
President Faure is very charitable, and the few moments he can spare from his official duties are employed in good works at the hospitals, night refuges, infant asylums, dispensaries, and all establishments that have in view the relief of the sick and poor. Wherever suffering prevails he is sure to be found at some time or other; and in these unostentatious visits he never omits to leave an important sum of money for distribution among the inmates as a souvenir of his call. Most of the salary which he receives as President is thus given to the needy. In his charitable work the President has the sympathetic co-operation of Madame Faure and his youngest daughter, Mlle. Lucie Faure. The other daughter is the wife of M. René Berge.

LOUIS PAULIAN.

REVENGE.

OH, that mine enemy would write a book!
He did so once, and though it never took,
Yet I received ten dollars to review it;
And praised it so, perhaps again he'll do it.

H. G. P.



FRANÇOIS FÉLIX FAURE, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

From the Painting by Bonnat.—[See Page 151.]

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRYST AT MIDNIGHT.

FROM Robert Harburgh I got the tidings of the disaster that had befallen the Cassillis arms soon after I had ridden away with the minister of Edinburgh. The Craufords were in no hurry to come on, in spite of all the taunts of the Earl, and the disordered noise of the foul beast which for despite he had tied on their lands.

But they kept outpost on the hills about, and they looked often that way, as even I had seen them. There were waving of flags and crying of words, till once more their line settled into place, and from the north and the south at once bands of horsemen came riding towards. And as they came nearer, the Cassillis folk saw that they were led on by James Muir the younger, of Auchendrayne; and then from the south there came the band of outlaws and robbers that called Thomas of Drummurchie their captain. On two sides these beset us, with only the river between, and the Craufords began to gather more closely on our front.

Then the Earl remembered that what Dom Nicholas and I had done so easily in the crossing of the Doon, other men as determined might also do. But being, as I have said, by nature a brave man, he awaited the event. Nor was it long before, at a given signal, Drummurchie and young Auchendrayne set their horses to the water and came at us through the bends of the river, in spite of the shots that rained upon them, and the men that dropped from their seats and spun the flooded Doon Water. For it was the time of the Lammas floods, and the water was drumlie and wan.

In our front the Craufords raged, and altogether in a trice our position was wholly turned.

"This is not well done," cried our Earl, to Thomas of Drummurchie, as he laid stoutly about him. "Thy brother had not so have treated his chief when he strove with the enemies of the clan. Wolf should not tear wolf, nor Kennedy Kennedy!"

In a little it was seen that the promontory could not be kept in face of a force three times our number, and specially since those of our own name and alliance were striving against us.

"Out of the neck of the bottle, and keep together!" cried the Earl, who on stricken field was no shaveling.

So with that Earl John led his people straight across the water at the point of the land that butted into the water, between the forces of Auchendrayne that came from the north, and Drummurchie's desperate riders who beset us on the south. So swiftly was this done that before they could close or the Craufords come on most part of the Cassillis folk had passed Doon Water, though there were twenty at the least who were either drowned or wounded to death where they had fought the wager out on the fair holms of Dalrymple.

It so befell as the minister and I were riding home that we came on our little company of Culzean lads riding with tired horses and slack reins homewards. And God be thanked for his ill-deserved mercy in the quarrel that had been so settled, there was no loss to Culzean, for we came not home with a single empty saddle, nor was there so much as a pike left behind. The last of it that they heard was the shouts of the Craufords as they flitted the sow over the water to the lands of Kennedy, thus clearing their own borders ere set of sun, according to their boast and promise.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037.

On the morrow's morn there came to each Kennedy's gate a little squealing pigling with the Cassillis colors of blue and gold tied to its curled tail. And round its neck was this motto, "The flitted sow of Cassillis hath pigged, and Crauford of Kerse sends the litter home!"

And so in like manner was done at the house of every Kennedy that had men at the fight of the sow-flitting, whether they lived near or far. But who left them at the yetts none saw. All which was more likely to be a play of Thomas of Drummurchie or James Muir than of the Craufords, who, to do them justice, had small skill in aught but hard strokes and plenty of them. For to this day there is small scholarship about Kyle Stewart and King's Kyle.

Now there was no mistaking but that we came home with our fingers in our mouths, and the jeers at us of Cassillis and Culzean were many as the leaves of the summer trees. Nor could I win belief that I had been, by command of the Earl, at the house of Kerse along with the minister, instead of on the green inch of Dalrymple by Skeldon haughs. For, believe it who will, there were many right willing to have a catch at me; though, God knows, I had never gone out of my way to put a slight upon any, nor yet thought more highly of myself than I ought to think.

In time, however, the bitterness died down, and at Cassillis things went their wonted quiet way. It is true that Nell Kennedy never so much as looked the way I was on. I heard that she went about telling every one whom she thought would carry the tale to me that I had gotten the Earl's sword for procuring the sow of Skeldon and carrying her over Doon Water. But this was no more than spite, easily seen through, and I minded it not. For every one in Carrick knew the cause why I had gotten the blade from the Earl, who, indeed, is not a man to give aught for naught, nor yet to bestow where, with honor, he might withhold.

But to balance the beam, Marjorie was kinder than ever she had been, so that I thought of a surety that her heart had at last been touched by love. But as it chanced I was to get news of that before I was greatly older.

As the thing fell out, one night I had been somewhat late out of bed, calling upon a friend, whose name it does not advantage to set down here, and in the morning, while yet it was dark, I was returning by the rough shore tracks to the coves, from which I had to clamber warily up in order to reach my ladder of rope, which depended, as of old, from the White Tower.

As I stood to breathe awhile in the quiet of the Cove I was aware of voices that spoke above me; for the sea was quiet, and the waning moon dipping down to the setting. My thoughts were running at the time on treasure-seeking. For among the things I had had on hand that night there was the matter of the losing of the Kellwood treasure in the House of the Red Moss. Thinking I might learn something, I hasted to clamber in the direction from which came the voices. And as I glided along the foot of the rocks in the black shadow I came almost without warning upon two who stood together.

I could not go back. I could not go forward. I could only retreat as far back as the rock would let me, and even then I stood within a few feet of the speakers.

At the first words I knew them. It was Marjorie Kennedy of Culzean talking with Gilbert Kennedy of Bargany, the enemy of her house and of us all. The blood stood cold about my heart, and the bitterness of death seemed to come upon me. The maid to whom my heart had gone out, to whom I had looked as my liege lady, was standing here at midnight with the sworn enemy of her race and of her father.

But I had no time for consideration—none for deciding what I was to do. I was no eavesdropper, yet for my life I could not go forth and confront them.

I could hear Gilbert Kennedy's words. They were pleading and passionate words.

"Hear me, listen to me, Marjorie," he said, and I could see his uncovered head turned towards her where she stood black between me and the sea. "I love no one but you. I have sought none but you. Since I was a lad like your young Launcelot Kennedy have not I given you worship and service? Why then do you hate me, despise me, turn away from me?"

As I listened my heart rose again in hope. "Your Launcelot Kennedy," he had said. It might be that I was the cause why Marjorie turned from him as he said.

"Gilbert," said Marjorie Kennedy, and her voice was like the still water of a sheltered sea lapping on the sand, "I do not turn from you. I am not proud with you. If I were, would I be here? But in spite of this I am trysted to another fate. If there is to be any use in my life, it is that I am the sacrifice that is to compose this quarrel. And it cannot be with you for husband."

"And wherefore not?" said Bargany, fiercely, striking one hand with the hollow palm of the other.

Marjorie put out one of her hands as if to restrain him. "I will put you to the test," said she; "if I were Lady Bargany would you submit to John, Earl of Cassillis, and be his man, setting aside all your ancient quarrels, and acknowledging him as your liege lord?"

"God forbid!" said Bargany, promptly.

Marjorie put out her hand for him to take. "And I like you the better for it, Gilbert," she said.

Bargany set her fingers to his lips, and held her hand as if he could not let it go.

"Then," said she, "since this bitter strife and the killing of friends must somehow be stopped, and you would not stop it even for me, who am I that I would not be at my father's command, to give and to take, to be sold and bought like a beast in the market?"

"Who talks of buying and selling?" interrupted Bargany, roughly. "Give me but a look in your eyes, and I will carry you to my house of Bargany, and see if any dare to take you from Gilbert Kennedy."

"And my father?" said she, speaking very quietly, but clearly, so that I heard every word.

"Your father," answered Bargany, "is a good man—too good for such a crew. He has married one daughter to the young Sheriff of Galloway. Wherefore not another to his cousin of Bargany? Is not Kennedy of Bargany, even though he be an enemy, better than any Galloway Laird?"

"Ah," said Marjorie Kennedy, softly, "but there is another reason—"

"Tell it me and I will answer it," said Bargany, with a swift fierceness; for I think he thought he was making head against her scruples. But I had heard her speak in that still way before, and could have told him different.

"Isobel Stewart, bower-maiden to the Queen, and the Earldom of Carrick—they are surely reasons enough!"

Bargany started as though an adder had stung him. For a moment he seemed bereft of speech.

"Who has been lying to you of me?" he said, almost under his breath, as though the night air had suddenly made him hoarse.

"Nay, think again," said Marjorie; "is it not true? Better a soiled bower-maiden of the King's court, and an earldom with her, than poor Marjorie Kennedy of Culzean!"

I never heard her say a spiteful thing before or since—but in the matter of the Other Woman all women are alike.

Bargany stamped his foot in anger. "A fig for dignities, and a rotten fig for Isobel Stewart!" he cried. "I love but you, Marjorie Kennedy! Will you come, so that you and I will face the world together? It is a black world, and needs two hearts that can stand by each other."

Then betwixt me and the sea, as I have said, I saw Marjorie knitting her hands as if her spirit were wrestling within her.

"Yea, Gilbert," she said, very gently, at last, "it is, as you say, a black world. But neither you nor I are going to better it by breaking of trysts and engagements."

"And what tryst have you?" he demanded, sullenly.

"I am trysted to sorrow," she said; "trysted to want that which I desire, and to have that which I hate. Gilbert Kennedy, take my hand this once and hearken. You and I are too like one another to be happy. We are not mates born for smooth things. Sorrow is our dower and suffering our weird, and we must dree it apart. I think we are both 'fey' to-night," she said, breaking off with a change of tone. "We had best go within."

"Within?" said he, scornfully. For he bethought him that he could never enter the house of Culzean as a friend.

"Now, Gilbert," said Marjorie, "be a man and forgive. Be a man to Isobel Stewart, that she may know you a truer than she has ever met in King's courts—ay, truer and nobler, as I think you, than the King himself. And let me go my way. . . ." She covered her face with her hands and stood silent and bowed. "Let me go my way!" she said, again.

But Gilbert Kennedy had her in his two arms and was kissing her mouth.

"No," he said, "I will not let you go. I will take you though there were at Culzean a thousand fathers—at Cassillis a thousand Earls!"

She withdrew herself from him with quiet dignity, yet without anger.

"But you will not take me in spite of one Marjorie Kennedy," she said.

Then Bargany turned on his heel and tramped angrily down the shingle of the shore, his sword clanking and his spurs ringing, as careless of who might hear as if he had been crossing the paved court of the house of Bargany.

And Marjorie Kennedy stood still and watched him go, both her hands pressed to her breast as though it needed both to still the beating of her heart.

"I love him! I love him!" she said. "Oh, that he might trample me, that his hand might slay me, so that in death he might lift my head and say once again, 'I love you'!"

And so she also passed away within.

Then I, in my corner, where I had been an unwilling hearkener, set my face between my knees and thought that the world would never be bright again. For I had heard that which I had heard, and I knew now that Marjorie, the Lady Marjorie, would never have love for me while the world lasted.

Nevertheless, I rose up and clambered to my rope ladder. I climbed thoughtlessly, heedlessly, and I scraped my shoe so that it sounded loud in the still night. Suddenly I saw something white above me, the flicker of a white robe. I had nearly fallen, thinking that the appearance might be a spirit.

"Dinna be feared, night-raker," said a voice I knew well; "it is only Nell Kennedy. Think ye that none can speel up the White Tower besides yourself?"

I was so greatly astonished that I could not speak at once.

"What may you be doing there at this time of the morning, Nell?" I said at last.

"Just like yourself—trying to find a quiet way to my bed," said she; "but I must hasten, or I shall be late to let in Marjorie."

"What Marjorie?" said I, pretending that I knew nothing of the matter.

"Lie to other folk, gin ye like, Spurheel," said the madcap; "but dinna think ye can lie to Nell Kennedy. I saw ye come from the hole by the Cove."

"But what do you here, Nell?" said I, for it might be that the mad lassie had a lad, and it seemed a terrible thing that she should be misguided at her age.

"Maybe doon by seeing Kate Allison, the Grieve's lassie," said she. "Do you honestly think, Spurheel, that Helen Kennedy would permit a sister of hers to gang jooking here and there about the shore wi' a bonny young man at the dead of nicht all by her lone? It is not very likely."

I said no more. It was not easy to argle-bargle with Nell Kennedy.

"And now betake yourself up the rope to your garret," she said, "and I will follow after, for I must let our Maidie in by the east door or it grows light."

I motioned her to go first, but she turned on me in great indignation.

"Hear ye, Spurheel, up wi' ye, and if ye so much as set your nose oot o' your window it will no be telling you."

So I climbed up and shut to the window, and long before I was settled in bed I heard the two sisters talking together in the room beneath. So I knew that Nell Kennedy had carried out her play.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE GARDEN.

I NEED not tell all the reasons why my well-beloved and kindly master, Sir Thomas Kennedy, had grown to be hated with a deadly feud by all the ill-conditioned of the Bargany faction, saving Gilbert Kennedy of Bargany himself. For one thing, my master was the man of the best and wisest counsels among the supporters of Cassillis. He had many virtues, being well liked wherever he went for kindliness and courteousness. Also he was a man of good principles and religion, so far as the time permitted, and sometimes beyond, as he found to his own bitter cost or all was done.

Still more, my master Culzean was never a man to suspect evil of any man, and was prone to cover wrack and ruin by over-trust and graciousness.

The first act of the conspiracy to compass his death was now to be played. For Thomas of Drummurchie, the brother of young Bargany, was not of so lofty a spirit as his brother. Indeed, to speak plainly, he was no better than an assassin and a bully, and caused all the country-side to lie in terror for fear of him, being great with none, save only with the Lairds of Auchendrayne, which was a strange thing considering their appearance of strict honor.

It happened that there was a worthy knight, an indweller in the town of Maybole, Sir Thomas Nisbett by name, who was a crony of my master Culzean. Now it was the practice for many of the gentry of the neighborhood, during the winter, to enter in and dwell within the town of Maybole in many pretty and well-built houses of freestone, diverting themselves in converse together in each other's houses. These stand for the most part in the chief street of Maybole, and have gardens attached to them. Of these, that of the Earl of Cassillis is the largest, but the one belonging to my master Culzean is but little behind it in beauty and convenience.

But Sir Thomas Kennedy bode little about his house in Maybole, because his lads and lassies loved most to remain at Culzean, where the cliffs are and the sea, clattering pleasantly on the rocks, and with sea-birds blithely swirling and diving about it all the year round. And of this I also was glad, for to live in a town is a thing I cannot abide for a long time, being hill-bred.

Now on this New-Year's day it so happened that Sir Thomas Nisbett had invited my master, being, as I say, a crony of his own and of an age with him, to sit down at supper in his house in Maybole. So Culzean took horse and a small attendance, of whom I was the chief, and rode to bide the night in Maybole town, meaning to lodge in his own house, and in the morning return to his Castle of Culzean.

My master was a mightily curious man in one particular. He could not abide any repair of people coming and going about him. And if in a quieter time he had gotten his will he would have ridden here and there without any attendance, so kindly and unsuspicious of evil was his nature. On the New-Year night he had bidden me to remain within-doors, because, as he said, he knew his way full well home from Sir Thomas Nisbett's house. Also, I suspect that he wished me not to observe whether he retained his usual walk and conversation after seeing the New-Year in with the Provost and the other Sir Thomas, for the custom of both was exceedingly hospitable.

New-Year's day had been dark and gloomy. The promise of on-coming weather was in the feel of the raw drooky air. No sooner was it dark than a smurr of rain began to fall, very wetting and thick, so that even with torches it had been impossible to see many paces. We reached our lodging at the town-house of Culzean before the night had set in, and as the supper was at six of the clock, it was no long time before my master took his way to Sir Thomas Nisbett's house. He saw me seated by the fire with a book of the wars to read. As soon, however, as he had issued forth from the street I took my bare sword in my hand, and by another door I sallied forth also. For in such a town as Maybole there are always ill-set folk that would gladly do an injury to a well-kenned and respected man like my master. And much more now when the feud waxed so hot and high.

But it chanced that Sir Thomas, so soon almost as he set foot over the door-step, greeted his fellow-guest, the Provost of the town, who, as became his office, had with him one to hold the tail of his furred gown out of the clarty mud, and also a lad with a torch running before. Nevertheless, I followed on in that darker dusk which follows the glare of the torch. We had to pass through the garden before the house of Sir Thomas Nisbett, which was full of groset bushes, divided by high hedges of yew and box. I came softly behind, and abiding still by the gate after the Provost and his train had passed through with our good knight in their midst. The pair of them were talking jovially together as men with toom kytes that know they are going in to be filled with good cheer.

"I declare, I am as hungry as a moudiewort in a black frost," said the douce Provost. "I haena seen meat the day. What wi' hearkening to auld wives denouncing ane anither for kenned and notour witches, and sending men of the tribes of little Egypt to the Tolbooth, my life has no been my ain."

My master laughed loudly and heartsomely.

"It is weel to be hungry and ken o' meat," he replied, in the words of the well-kenned proverb.

And the pair of them laughed with their noses in the air, like men that strengthen themselves with the smell of dinner blown through an open door.

But I question much whether they had laughed so hearty if they had seen what I saw at the moment. And that was a face looking over the height of the yew hedge—a face wrapped about the mouth with a gray plaid and with a gray brimmed hat pulled close down over the eyes. As the flickering of the torch died out at the entering in of the house door I saw the man raise his hand in a warning and forbidding gesture, as though he made a signal to men who could see him, but who were hidden from my sight.

That was enough for me. I resolved that those who plotted evil behind backs should have to war with Launce Kennedy, who, at least, was no mean foe, and not given to wearing his eyes under his coat.

Not for a moment after this could I leave the garden, for one of the villains might have gone to the window and shot at my master through the glass, as one had done years before to good Maister John Knox, who, as I have heard tell, reformed religion in this land, on an evening he sat quietly reading his book and drinking of his ale in his own house in the High Street of Edinburgh.

So I got me into an angle of the garden and climbed up a wall, which, being grown with ivy, was a good post of vantage. From thence I could overlook the whole garden. After a little my eyes became better accustomed to the darkness. The lights from the windows also made a faint glimmering athwart the hedges, and I could distinct-

ly see men darning themselves into their hiding-places, and getting ready their pistols and hackbuts.

Even as I sat there on the wall and froze, a plan came into my head which sent the blood surging through my veins like the tide in the Gut of Solway. I remembered that Sir Thomas Kennedy was at no time very active on his legs, and with the income in his knee and the good wine under his belt he would assuredly be in no key for running when he issued forth.

Also, there were certainly many who lay in wait for him. I counted as many as five moving about in the faint light. So I mounted the top of the ivy wall, and slid down the outside, landing on my hinderlands in a ditch. I stole round to the hind door of Nisbett's house, and told the manservant that I had come to see my master. So they permitted me to go up to the room on the first story, where the guests were already set down at the banquet. I saw well that it was no use speaking to my lord, but I did venture to call out the host, Sir Thomas Nisbett, whose head was stronger than that of the Laird of Culzean.

I told him how the matter stood, whereupon he wished to speak to the Provost and call the town officers. But I told him that these determined assassins in the ward could render an account of the town guard twice told over.

"So," said I, "I have this to propose to you in a word. When the time comes for the guests to depart, you will detain my master, and the Provost too, if you can."

"Ere I have done with them they will not move far tonight, or my name is not Thomas Nisbett," said the host, nodding his head, for these were the manners of the time.

"And you will lock them in a secure place till the morning?"

"But," said Nisbett, "will not the villains attack my house? If it be as you say, they have assurance for everything."

I told him that they might very well do that, but that if he gave me a breastplate with sleeves, and also knee-caps of steel, together with my arms and steel cap, I thought I could make a race for it and carry them all off along with me."

"But, laddie," he cried, "ye gang to your death!"

I told him not so, for that I was a notable runner, and could course like a hare.

"And in any case better dead than Culzean or the Provost and yourself, Sir Thomas Nisbett. What would happen to the town and country-side then?"

"Ay, better that," he said, very sententiously, at which I could not forbear but smile. For the very simplicity of the man was such that he not only counted his life worth more than mine, but expected me to do the same. However, it was not concerning him but my master and my master's children that I thought. What mattered little to a Kennedy of Kirrieoch mattered greatly to Sir Thomas Kennedy, Tutor of Culzean. But I know not that I had any great fear of failure, for I had thus far won off scot-free, even when in the general action our faction had gotten the worst of it, and so I thought to do always.

The evening wore on like eternity, and I had many a thought in my heart, though but few of them were sad or waesome. For I was too young. Most of all I prayed that I might bear myself well and in some shape carry the matter through.

When the Provost and my master had well drunken and eaten yet more, their host stole away from them on a pretext, and came to the chamber where I sat in darkness, planning my way through the garden.

He brought me the equipment for which I had need, and of his own accord added another pistol of admirable French workmanship. For France is ever the country for good ordnance—from the pistol which Sir Thomas Nisbett gave me to the cannons that dang down the Castle of Saint Andrews about the heads of Normand Leslie and his crew.

"Gin ye live ye can keep the pistol," he said.

Then over my steel cap I set the great broad hat of Sir Thomas of Culzean and did his cloak about me.

It was now the time to go, and I tell you true my heart beat a pretty tune to dance to as I stood at the back of the door, with my host hiding well back lest they should nick him by firing as the light within showed me in the doorway.

So I ordered the lamp to be removed and the door to be opened. Then my host bade me adieu in a loud hearty tone, and said that he would come round and see me in the morning. It was with a bitter sort of joy that I heard the door clash sharply to behind me. I had my sword in my right hand and my pistol ready bent in the other.

There was a light flickering somewhere in the town—belike a party passing homeward with torches from a merrymaking, or some of the bonfires lighted for the inbringing of the New-Year. I could see my friend of the beckoning hand standing erect with his plaid about him. It was the same I had seen at the burning of the Bible when I was but a boy in the court-yard of Ardstinchar, and, I doubt not, the Gray Man of our later troubles.

I knew that the sharp-shooters would be placed in the alleys of the garden. Indeed, I had seen them pass to their situations, and observed that they had their hackbuts carefully pointed on the path along which I must pass. So, instead of walking directly down the main road to the gate, I made believe to stumble and recover myself with an exclamation of pain, in order that I might divert them into waiting till I should come their way, for I must perforce pass by the mouths of their muskets so close that they could not miss.

But instead I darted sideways along the narrower path which led round the garden's edge, and there, cowering in the angle, I waited for what should happen. In their hurry and surprise I heard one hackbut go off with a crash, and the light from the torch lit up the garden. Then in the darkness that followed I ran farther down the walk towards the outer gate. In the midst I came upon a fellow who kneeled with his musket upon a stick, trained upon the middle path by which they had hoped that Culzean should come. But with my sword I stuck him through that part of him with which I came most readily in contact. What that might be, I declare that I know not until this day. Only I judged that it could not have been a mortal part, by the vigor with which he cried out.

Then indeed there was confusion and deray to speak about. I saw the form of the Gray Man whom I had seen directing the ambush rise from the further dyke-side. He spoke sharply, as one that cries orders, and at the word many men came rushing pell-mell to see what was the cause of the hideous outcry on that side of the garden where I was.

But I overstepped the carcase of the rascal into whom I had set my good Damascus blade, and made my way down the side of the wall unseen of any.

But when I came to the way out by the single gate, my fate came, as it were, to the stern and deadly breach. For there were marksmen that had their pieces trained on that place. I had seen themselves set themselves in position. Nevertheless, the noise behind waxed so imminent that I drew a long breath, and sprang at the opening. As I went through, ten or twelve pieces, at the least, both pistols and hackbuts, were loosed off against me. I heard the bullets splash, splash all about my legs and body, and one that had bounded from the lintel of the door-post dunted me on the breastplate, which it was a God's mercy I minded to wear.

Outside the gate there were two fellows that withstood me, and I had small time to ask whether they were friends or foes. So, to make siccar, I ask no catechisms of them, but only shot off my pistol into one of the thickest part of one, setting the muzzle almost to his belt, and with more gladness gave the other a sound thrust in the shoulder, for all my life I have loved the point more than the edge—and a thousand times better than the powder and lead, which is an uncertain hit-or-miss thing at best.

I cleared the yett, sprang through, and there I had it down the High Street of Maybole, with the bullets spelking about me like hailstones, and chance burghers scudding for their doors like conies on the sandy knows.

I heard the fierce rush of men behind me, and looking over my shoulder I saw some ten running my way with their swords drawn in their hands. So I knew that it was likely there would be one among them who could outrun me with my war-gear upon me and that not all mine own. With that I undid the cloak of the Laird of Culzean, my master, and let it fall, and so sped on till near to the house of one Matthew McGowan. They fairly ran me to earth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

Let me behold the tender
  Blue of my sweetheart's eyes,
I shall forget the splendor
  Of June's unclouded skies,
I shall forget the gleaming
  Stars of the dewy night,
And give my soul to dreaming
  And love's delight.
    Cupid, sing to her, and tell
    How the poet loves her well.

Her eyes are heavens dearer
  Than those that shine above;
In them as in a mirror
  I read the words of love.
Her secrets nestle in them
  Without a tear to blur;
And mine it is to win them,
  And love, and Her.
    Cupid, sing to her, and see
    If her eyes grow soft for me.

No longer, Cupid, tarry;
  Too precious is the time!
Unto my sweetheart carry
  This message writ in rhyme.
And when at last you see my
  Muse of the lyric line,
Whisper and bid her be my
  Own Valentine.
    Fare you well. The song is done.
    Yes or No, it must be one.

AMERICA'S EQUIPMENT FOR WAR.

What we should do for material of war in the event of a contest with England is a question that seriously concerns our ordnance officers, and already they are busying themselves with preparations for possible contingencies, so far as they can within the limitations of Congressional restrictions upon expenditure. The waste of war, always enormous, will be greatly increased by the recent improvements in the methods of destruction. Two hundred millions were devoted to the purchase of "ordnance and ordnance stores" during our civil war, and no small share of that amount would be required to put us in the proper position to meet a serious attack from abroad. Over four millions of small-arms and one thousand millions of cartridges were devoted to the preservation of the Union, not to speak of 7892 cannon and vast stores of heavy projectiles purchased during the civil war. But this expenditure of a generation ago is of little account for present purposes. The cannon have been destroyed or condemned or have become obsolete, and the small-arms are no longer available. Of those saved from the waste of the battle-field many are scattered over the country as trophies of war, others form part of the antiquated armament of our militia hosts, and hundreds of thousands have been sold abroad.

During the closing days of the Franco-Prussian war, when the Germans had possessed themselves of 600,000 French muskets captured in battle, three or four hundred thousand small-arms were purchased of our government by private dealers and hastily shipped to France, much more to the profit of the dealer than to the comfort of the Frenchman. At the close of the civil war the business of arms-manufacturing had grown to vast proportions. In addition to the Springfield Armory, with its capacity of one thousand rifles in a single day, we had several private armories of equal or greater capacity. In the industries of destruction we led the world, or at least in the department of small-arms. Relieved of government work, our private armories turned their attention to foreign orders, and in the ten or twelve years following the war not far from one hundred millions of dollars came to this country in exchange for American guns. A single concern, the Remington Arms Company, exported over a million rifles and carbines, and another company filled a single order from the Turk for six hundred thousand muskets. Orders for American cartridges were upon a corresponding scale.

Could the processes of American manufacturing have been kept secret we should have retained that trade and increased it; but foreign governments, recognizing the superiority of American methods, imported American machinery and American workmen and set up for themselves. Preparations for war ceased with the surrender at Appomattox, and lacking further encouragement from government orders, the tide of American arms invention set in the direction of Europe. Gatling, Hotchkiss, Maxim, and other Yankee inventors established factories there, and in the event of war with any European power our national bird would repeat the lament of the eagle of the fable, who fell pierced by a shaft winged with a feather from its own breast.

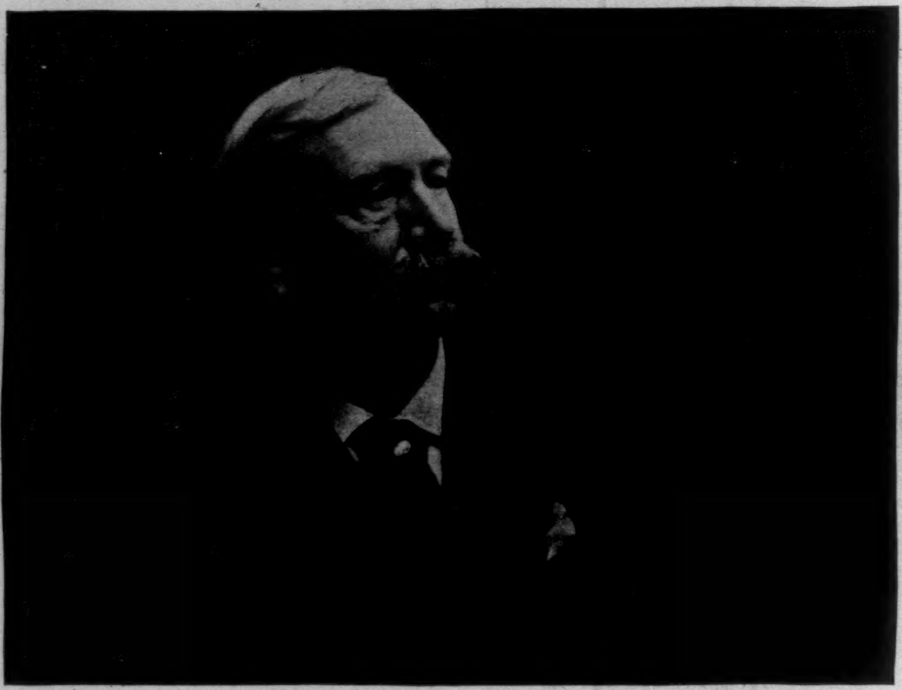
At the beginning of a great war we should be subjected to an embarrassment for the want of supplies similar to that which crippled us at the outbreak of the civil war, when every arsenal of Europe was searched for antiquated weapons to be sold to the Yankee at fabulous prices. We had a partial revenge upon the Frenchman in the day of his extremity, but it was not adequate. With a navy such as England has watching our ports the importation of contraband of war would be a difficult matter. We should have to depend upon our home manufactories, and these are sufficient if time is given them for preparation. The Colts' armory, the Remington armory, the Winchester armory, could each add a thousand muskets a day to the public stores, but they would require the best part of a year to get ready to manufacture the modern magazine gun of small calibre. If they were allowed to manufacture breech-loaders, such as we furnished a quarter of a century ago by hundreds of thousands to the Turk, the Spaniard, and the Russian, they could be ready for work in perhaps sixty days. The government armory at Springfield is the only one now prepared to manufacture the regulation army weapon. Its product is at present limited to 100 magazine rifles in a day of eight hours. Plans are prepared to increase this to 350, which would give a possible product of near one thousand daily when working night and day. As to heavy guns, the output of Watervliet Arsenal last year was 47 guns and mortars. Watertown was able to complete about an equal number of carriages and some heavy projectiles, and Frankfort furnished five million ball cartridges and some field-artillery ammunition. With night and day work this product would be increased correspondingly. The navy has its own workshops for heavy guns at Washington, but depends for its small-arms, rapid-firing guns, heavy projectiles, electrical appliances, etc., upon private manufacturers, such as the Driggs-Schroeder Co., the Hotchkiss Ordnance Co., the Carpenters' Steel Co., the Wheeler-Sterling Co., Johnson & Co., the Western Electric Co., and the General Electrical Co. It has a manufactory of gun-cotton at Newport, Rhode Island, but both army and navy look for powder to the Duponts of Wilmington, Delaware, the Peyton Powder Co. of San Francisco, California, the American Smokeless Powder Co. of New York and Pompton Lake, New Jersey, and to the Laflin Rand Powder Co. of New York. The Pratt & Whitney Co., Hartford, who fitted the foreign arsenals with American machinery, have a capacity of 1,500,000 gunmakers' tools and machinists' tools per year, and a present output of 450 rapid-firing guns. This could be increased to a yearly product of 2000, and still more with day and night work. The Cramps, in addition to their ship-building plant, have a gun-shop which could be turned immediately upon rapid-firing guns; and the vast resources of that establishment, of the Carnegie Co., and other similar manufacturers would be at the disposal of the government in case of war. Our great difficulty would be to gain time to put ourselves in a condition to meet the enormous demands of war. There is no concern in this country, and probably none in England, that could start with pig-iron and fuel, no matter how excellent the plant may be, and turn out a 13-inch gun inside of a year.

It is difficult to compare the resources, either public or private, of the United States for the production of munitions of war with those of Great Britain. England is one vast arsenal, and not only produces every kind of war material for her own use, but during the past thirty years she has furnished everything of this nature, in greater or less quantities, to every nation in the world except France and the United States. Even this statement is qualified by the recollection that it was from England we obtained the turret armor for our monitor *Miantonomoh*, and the forgings for the first lot of 8 and 10 inch guns built in this country.

The English Royal ordnance factories consist of six separate establishments—the "Royal Laboratory," furnishing ammunition and projectiles for heavy guns for both army and navy; the "Royal Gun Factory" and the "Royal Carriage Department," all in Woolwich Arsenal. There is a "Royal Gunpowder Factory" at Waltham, a "Royal Small-Arms Factory" at Enfield, and another at Birmingham. In these several establishments nearly twenty thousand men are employed, and an army of women are kept plying their sewing-machines in the manufacture of army clothing at the "Army Clothing Factory." Our government would have to depend upon private contractors for clothing, but here our immediate possibilities are unlimited.

With unrestricted orders for war material our manufacturers could accomplish miracles, and we should in the event of invasion have the advantage of the unavoidable delay on the part of an enemy in the preparation for attack. Our national policy of peace has turned the attention of arms factories to other industries, or to furnishing the growing demand for sporting arms and ammunition, but their latent resources could be developed to meet any demand upon them.

It should not be forgotten, however, that promptness is a prime essential in war, and that it is not the extent of our national resources that will determine the immediate issue, but our ability to direct these at the critical moment upon the point of action. "Getting the mostest men there the fustest," is still the secret of success, as it was in the days of General Forrest. They must not only be there first, but they should bring with them thorough equipment, thorough discipline, and perfect organization. Enormously rich in potentialities, the United States is, of all great powers, the poorest in its equipment for prompt action in case of the emergency of war. W. C. Church



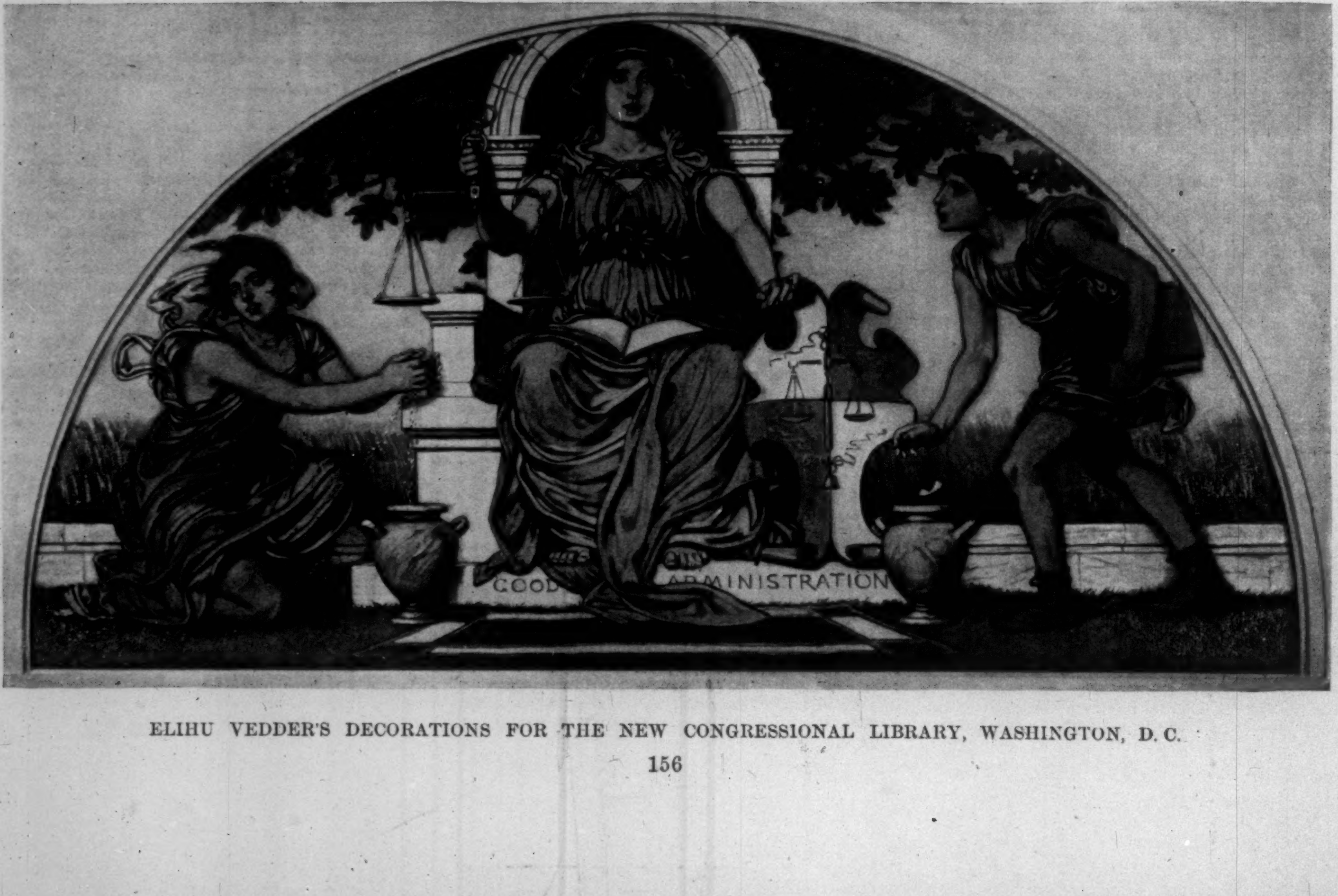
ELIHU VEDDER.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

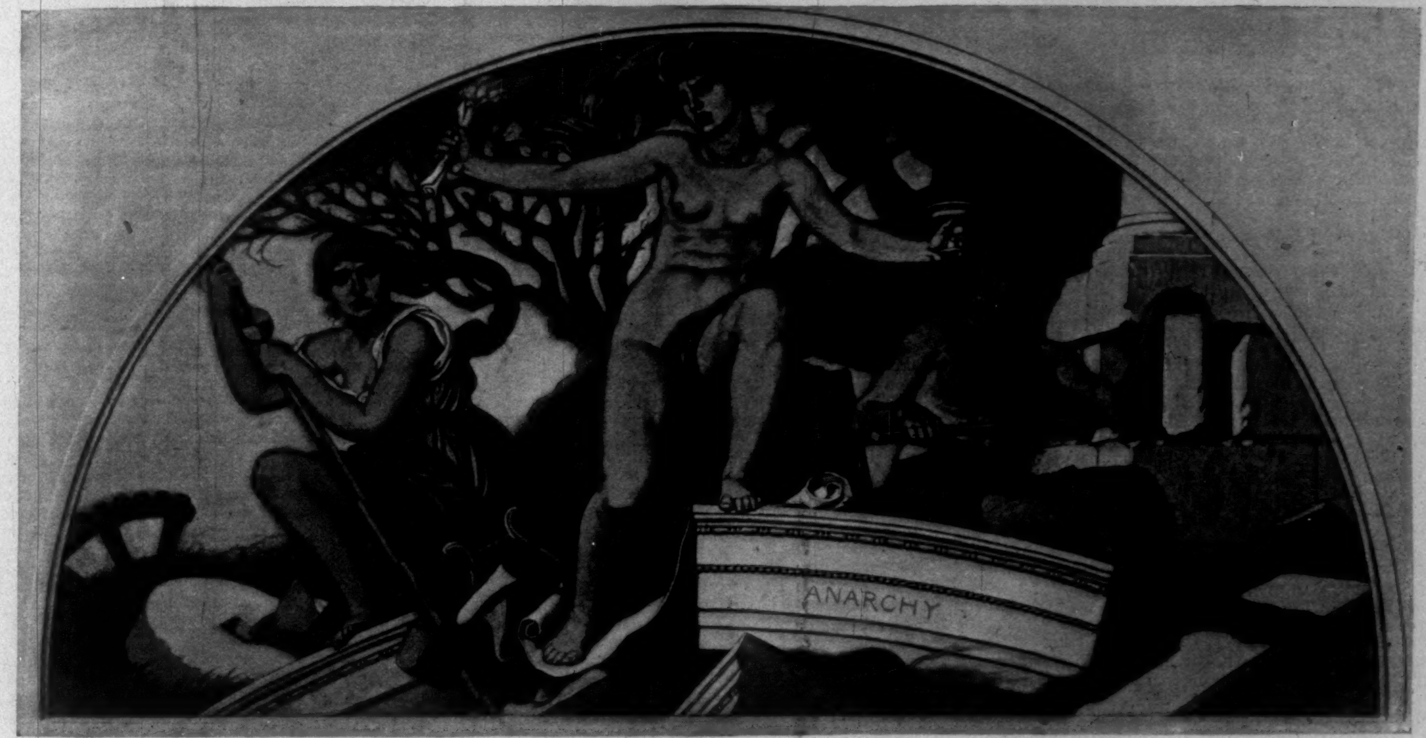
II.

THE DECORATIONS OF MR. ELIHU VEDDER.

IT is the expectation of those who are following with interest the artistic fortunes of the new Congressional Library at Washington that from first to last the right man among the painters and sculptors will fall into the right place. The work thus far in hand has justified this expectation. Mr. Blashfield's painting for the collar of the great central dome shows itself to be exactly the production needed for the space it covers. Mr. Vedder's decorations for the elevator hall on the main floor are now well under way, and they show also that one of the most important series of designs in the entire building has been put in the hands of the man qualified to carry it out with absolute authority and complete success. Mr. Vedder's genius leads him along serious ways, and fixes his imagination upon the development of noble themes. His art is statuesque in character, statuesque and architectural, so that he approaches such a task as that set before him in the new Library with precisely the equipment most essential to its perfect accomplishment. His designs are to cover wall spaces which will almost immediately meet the eye of a person entering the building. The constant stream of readers passing from the entrance pavilion to the reading-room under the dome will pass beneath Mr. Vedder's decorations. What he has to say to those readers is peculiarly appropriate. He greets them practically on the threshold of the Library with a company of figures symbolical of the fundamental idea of our race—the idea of self-government. That idea, with its ramifications in good and bad directions, he sets forth in five semicircular panels, each one re-



ELIHU VEDDER'S DECORATIONS FOR THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, D. C.



ELIHU VEDDER'S DECORATIONS FOR THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, D.C.

markable for simplicity of conception and beauty of design.

The meaning of the five panels is perhaps best expounded before the artistic qualities of the work are touched upon at all. The central decoration represents the ideal government—a Republic—and contains three figures. A woman seated between two attendant boys, or genii, bears in her left hand the sceptre of righteous rule, and supports upon her knee with the other a tablet bearing Lincoln's words, "A government of the People, by the People, for the People." The throne on which this goddess sits is borne by crouching lions, and behind her and them an oak-tree flings its foliage, in still further indication of the strength upon which the true republic must be founded. One of the winged genii holds the sword of justice, while the other bears the bridle of restraint. In this panel Mr. Vedder illustrates the abstract ideal toward which nations must move if they are to survive. In the remaining decorations he depicts the positive results of a devotion to such an ideal and of a departure from it. Let us take the finer result first. In the panel which celebrates the attributes of good administration a woman of happy mien is throned under an arch, in which the admirably fitted blocks signify the interdependence of the elements of well-governed States. The goddess holds in her right hand the scales of justice, perfectly poised, and grasps on the left a shield, colored so as to represent the different parties. On this shield there are drawn a rule, a measure, and a scales, to signify that all are equal before the law—typified by the open book in the lap of the goddess. There must be one rule for all, the design seems to state—one rule, one measure, one weight. On either side of the throne in this decoration a voting-urn is placed. Into one the wheat is falling from the hands of a woman who kneels before it. The chaff is borne from her hands by the wind, and in this episode of his design Mr. Vedder indicates the selection of the sound and the rejection of the unsound. The urn at the left hand of the presiding goddess receives a ballot from the hand of a youth, who walks towards it with books under his arm. He points the moral that the voting power belongs to the educated. In the third panel Mr. Vedder presents the natural result of good administration. The seminude goddess on the throne represents Peace, and the wreaths she holds are offered by her to the arts and to agriculture. These two fields of human activity are symbolized in the attendant figures. Agriculture crouches in the act of planting a tree. Art, a comely figure on the right hand of the goddess, is decorating a vase, and behind him a lyre and a Greek temple remind the spectator that music and architecture are honored with the wreaths in the gift of peace and prosperity.

To the left of the central panel Mr. Vedder places his allegory of corrupt legislation. A robust, beautiful figure, with an ignoble face, is seated carelessly upon a throne, of which the arms are painted to represent horns of plenty. But all the plenitude is flowing toward the woman herself. She bears a parody of the scales of justice with a sliding weight. An old man of crafty countenance sits at her left in possession of the law, the ballot, and riches. He places a bribe in the scales. On the other side a child stands showing a useless distaff, and apparently pleading in vain for work. The little jar in which the child's savings might have been hoarded lies broken at her feet. Behind her are smokeless chimneys, but in the background beyond the rich briber the factories are seen in full operation, their chimneys eloquent of busy life below. In the next panel the dire outcome of corruption is portrayed. The painting represents the brawny Goddess of Anarchy trampling the ruins of an arch. Her crown is of serpents. In one hand she bears a lighted torch made of a scroll, and in the other she holds a cup. She is spurning under her feet, and casting into the ruin beneath her, symbols of religion, law, learning, and the arts. She is aided by a figure of Ignorance on her right, who uses a surveyor's staff for her fell purpose. Ignorance is kneeling on a millstone rendered useless by anarchy, and a broken and rusted cog-wheel resting with it among the thorns of desolation suggests industry abandoned to ruin and decay. On the left of the central figure is a muscular type of violence engaged in the removal of the corner-stone from a building. He has his eyes fixed on the cup of madness in the hand of the goddess. A lighted bomb in the foreground is a reminder that anarchy contains within itself the seed of its own destruction. There are still further details of symbolism to be pointed out in this series of decorations. In the design illustrative of peace the artist has wished to celebrate the spring. An olive-tree in full leaf appears in the background. Summer fills the panel given to good administration, a fig-tree and grain being used in the space back of the figures. Autumn, with a vine of changing leaves, is shown in the decoration belonging to corrupt legislation, and Winter presides over the panel of anarchy—a leafless tree rising in the background.

It has taken some little space to present in words the allegorical significance of Mr. Vedder's paintings, but one striking virtue of the latter is their transparency of meaning. Like all designers who can go to profound depths of symbolism, the draughtsman of the illustrations to Omar Khayyam has here shown the clear grasp of his intellect, the lucidity with which he can carry an idea through two phases of evolution, one upward, one in the other direction, but both interesting and instructive, both rich in effects for the brush of a decorative painter. No one of these panels will need elucidation when set up in the Library at Washington. They tell their story swiftly and well. At the same time there is nothing banal in the work, nothing commonplace, too obvious. The symbolism is simple and direct; the attributes of anarchy or good administration, as the case may be, are easy to understand; but they never have the effect of baldness. The reason for this is found in the art with which the familiar elements of his subject have been fused by the painter. He has grouped his figures with originality, with charm. This is especially true of the panel illustrative of anarchy, one of the strongest designs Mr. Vedder has produced, but it may be applied to any one of the five decorations. The group always conforms felicitously to the outlines of the space on the wall; in fact, the tact Mr. Vedder has shown in this respect is one of the most admirable qualities he has. But though he is throughout architectural in his composition, he is never for that reason too formal or too austere. On the contrary, there is life in this sequence of designs, and it falls into perfect accord with the structural rectitude of the scheme simply because Mr. Vedder's most impassioned ideas flow instinctively through decorative channels. We have said that his art is statuesque and architectural. These library decorations seem to have brought those qualities in him to the front more delightfully than ever before in his mural painting. His conception of the human form is thoroughly plastic, and this is felt in a noble way in figure after figure of his latest set of compositions. This is one reason why the central figure in the "Anarchy" is so fine. It is modelled with such vigor; it stands out in such relief; it is handled throughout with so much of the feeling of a sculptor, of one who sees his work in the round all the time.

Mr. Vedder sees his work invariably in the round, not allowing it ever to depart from its position of relative projection in an architectural whole, but giving to his personages through his plastic conception of them a particularly vivid life upon the canvas, a solidity, a monumental feeling, which in decorative painting leaves the deepest and most lasting impression. Thus the Library decorations are the work of a painter in the full sense of that term, but they reveal a painter who feels the essential spirit of architecture, of sculpture, and in collaborating with those two arts meets them half-way, so as to establish a decorative harmony. It has always been so, subtly but unmistakably, even in work which Mr. Vedder has done without reference to any architectural surroundings. Some of the designs for Omar Khayyam would go gloriously into stone or marble. They would do so for the reason that the architectural instinct with Mr. Vedder is really an instinct, a possession of the very fibre of his artistic nature. In consequence, no matter how architectural he may be, no matter how earnestly he may seek a structural balance—as in these paintings for the Library—the work in the long-run shows no effort, but is spontaneous, flexible, artistic. Add to this fine marriage of artlessness with steady architectural poise the charm of Mr. Vedder's individuality, and the value of his paintings for Washington will be finally appreciated. His outlines, his contours, are far more academic than romantic, yet they long ago proclaimed an idiosyncrasy, a style, which has had no parallel. In the characterization of his figures, in his treatment of drapery, in all details of conventional embellishment, Mr. Vedder has a strong imagination of his own, and a hand which does his bidding. The work to which the present brief sketch alludes is in his best vein, and will increase his fame. It will also contribute in considerable measure to the effect of artistic magnificence which little by little is being thrown about the new Congressional Library.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

AT morn unto my window-sill
Dan Cupid comes to learn my will.
"Friend," cries my little wingèd guest,
"Hast thou for me no amorous quest—
Is there no maid to whom thou'dst say
'*I love thee*' on this festal day?"

"Cupid," I answer, "there's a maid
Of whom my coward's heart's afraid.
Not bold am I for lover's bliss—
I'll send thee, rogue, to steal my kiss,
And bear with thee this scarlet rose,
As token how my bosom glows."

Then Cupid thus: "Ho, that will I!
And hid therein I'll play the spy.
For when the rose hath caught her sight,
She'll kiss it, sure, for pure delight;
Then shall I pierce her with my dart;
A bee she'll think is at its heart.

"The while she standeth, startled, there,
I shall have vanished in the air;
But, her sweet presence hovering near,
Thy name I'll whisper in her ear;
And of the mystery naught she'll make—
She'll think it was her heart that spake!"

EDWARD A. U. VALENTINE.

UNSPOKEN.

THE moonlight loves the placid sea,
Yet pours its heart out silently.

The voiceless sunflowers, one by one,
Uplift their faces to the sun.

The scented south wind comes and goes
In wordless worship of the rose.

And thus, dear heart, I love you, though
I'd die before I'd tell you so.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

SOME TRACES OF LINCOLN'S ELOQUENCE.

OF the few things emanating from Mr. Lincoln's pen and voice none have evoked from scholars and critics everywhere more generous approval and unstinted praise than the Gettysburg address and his second inaugural address. The real sublimity of thought awakened by the closing paragraphs of these productions, their sound philosophical teachings and profound suggestions have indeed elevated them "far above our power to add or detract." Numerous attempts have been made, especially in the case of the speech at Gettysburg, to trace their sources by a search in literature for parallels in thought and expression, but with all the investigation and research the question still remains unsettled; yet the writer thinks that he has traced the origin of one of these now famous expressions.

It may not be inappropriate at the outset to state that Mr. Lincoln's reading and researches in the field of literature were both limited and desultory. Whether this resulted from his lack of early educational advantages, or from poverty, or from a natural failure of literary appreciation, we do not know. Mr. Herndon, his law partner and associate for many years, told me that he practically had no library at his home, and that the few books he owned could be found on the marble-top centre table in his parlor, placed there doubtless by his wife to decorate the room. His reading, aside from his law books, from the proceedings of Congress, from Shakespeare, and a few other standard works, was confined to newspapers, and even in the case of his law books he was not overassiduous, for he admitted once he had never read one through. Mr. Herndon, on the other hand, was the owner of a rather extensive library, considering the time and locality, and would often place in Lincoln's hands a volume to be read in connection with some special subject which both had been discussing, or which Mr. Lincoln had under investigation. Even as late as the winter of 1860–1, when Lincoln shut himself up in a back room over his brother-in-law's store in Springfield to write his first inaugural address, Herndon, at his request, furnished him the few volumes he had occasion to refer to in preparing this his first official document. It will thus be seen that Mr. Lincoln was never a very wide or industrious reader, and that what he learned he "picked up from time to time," as he has so tersely expressed it, "under the pressure of necessity."

Herndon not only delved into law, literature, and history, but becoming enthusiastic in the cause of equal rights, made an early entry into the political arena. A radical abolitionist, he was for years in close touch with Sumner, Phillips, Garrison, and other prominent anti-slavery leaders. Among other things he kept up an active correspondence with Theodore Parker, the radical Boston preacher, who supplied him regularly with copies of his speeches and sermons, especially those aimed at the suppression of slavery. These stirring religious and oftentimes violent political appeals Herndon in many cases turned over to Lincoln, who would fold them up and carry them away in his pocket. The latter, at this time, entertained no such advanced notions on the abolition of slavery as either his law partner or Parker, and what effect the reading of these sermons produced on his mind can only be conjectured.

Several years ago, while in Springfield, Mr. Herndon and I were engaged one afternoon in an examination and inventory of the papers and personal belongings of the late law firm of Lincoln & Herndon. "Booth's fatal bullet," in Mr. Herndon's language, had "dissolved the partnership," and the junior member of the firm, having removed to his farm in the country, was preparing to retire from the active practice of law. Hidden in a recess or depression on the top of the old wooden bookcase was a small pasteboard box, which, judging from the deposit of dust which covered it, must have lain unnoticed and undisturbed for many years. In it were found sundry letters and papers tied up in bundles. Evidently the collection belonged to Mr. Lincoln himself, for on the top of one package, which besides letters contained cancelled checks, notes, newspapers, and a little of everything, was a slip of paper bearing the laconic endorsement in his firm and characteristic hand, "If not found elsewhere, look in this." Another package, securely tied, held the letters written and addressed to him during the year of his debate with Douglas. Carefully folded up between the letters in this package were two of the pamphlet sermons of Theodore Parker, given to Lincoln by Herndon, and showing plainly the creases made while folded up in the former's pocket. One, entitled "The Relation of Slavery to a Republican Form of Government," was a speech delivered at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, May 26, 1858. On page 5 occurs the following sentence:

"III. Democracy.—The All-Men-Power: government over all, by all, and for the sake of all."

This evidently had arrested Mr. Lincoln's attention, for around it, with his pencil, he had drawn parenthetic lines—a mark of his approval, apparently, should the document fall into any one else's hands. The second pamphlet, entitled "The Effect of Slavery on the American People," was a sermon delivered at the Music Hall, Boston, July 4, 1858. On page 5 Mr. Lincoln had marked this:

"Democracy is Direct Self-government over all the people, for all the people, by all the people."

And again on page 14:

"Slavery is in flagrant violation of the institutions of America,—Direct Government—over all the people, by all the people, for all the people."

It could hardly be affirmed that this repeated sentiment regarding popular government was original with Mr. Parker, either in thought or expression. In fact, while we do not know who the real author was, yet we have the evidence that one James Douglas, of Scotland, and Daniel Webster, and possibly others too, made use of it years before Mr. Parker ever preached a word. Even as late as 1851 George Thompson, the English Abolitionist and member of Parliament, told his constituents: "We preach Democracy in vain while a Tory and Conservative can point us to the opposite side of the Atlantic and say: 'There are 19,000,000 of the human race free absolutely, every man heir-apparent to the throne, governing themselves—*the government of all, by all, for all*; but instead of being a consistent republic, it is one widespread confederacy of free men for the enslavement of an entire nation of another complexion.'"*

But, whatever may have been the origin, or whoever may have been the real author, of these references to a people's government, it is no stretch of the imagination, in view of the evidence just presented, to believe that their repeated use by Mr. Parker, more than anything else, burned a deep impress on Abraham Lincoln's soul, and inspired those sublime and majestic lines, spoken that crisp November morning in 1863 over the graves of the gallant and heroic dead sleeping at Gettysburg:

"Government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

In the second inaugural address Lincoln came nearest touching the stars. The slaves were freed, and as the vast panorama of war with its succession of battles, each bloodier than its predecessor, lay spread before him, he exhibited all the fire of the old prophets when he said: "Fondly

* Quoted in the *Life of William Lloyd Garrison*, by his children. Vol. III., p. 334.

do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue till all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

Mr. John G. Nicolay has shown that the closing paragraph of the first inaugural address—that exquisite reference to the "mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriotic grave"—was the original suggestion in writing of Mr. Seward, yet one cannot fail to be impressed with the new vigor as well as the true poetic finish it took on when retouched by Mr. Lincoln. There are good reasons to warrant the belief that some portions, and especially the paragraph of the second inaugural address quoted above, were the immediate result of impressions on his mind from certain direct and specific sources. In fact, the writer believes that an editorial article in the Chicago *Tribune* of August 12, 1862, written by Mr. Horace White, not only found a ready lodgement in Mr. Lincoln's mind, but furnished him with the inspiration, and the material as well, from which he built that symmetrical structure which will always impress us with its grandeur as it charms us with its beauty. This position is by no means an untenable one. Mr. Lincoln was a constant reader of the *Tribune*, and that paper for years had been his friend and champion. When his fame had hardly yet extended beyond the boundaries of Illinois, and before his elevation to the Presidency, it had approved his course and sustained him in every emergency. He believed in and relied upon it, and to one of its editors, soon after his first nomination, he disclosed those facts connected with his family history which he had resolutely and persistently refused to reveal to any one else. It is therefore doubtless true that very few issues of the paper, and particularly that one which contained the vigorous editorial reproduced below, escaped his eye. The latter, under the caption "The Justice of the Almighty," is as follows:

"It seems to be decreed that the American people must lose all they have made or acquired from the sin of slavery, and suffer in their own persons all the anguish they have wrongfully put upon the African race. It is impossible to compute in dollars and cents the aggregate of the imposing balance-sheet, but we cannot avoid the conviction that the sum total of profit that has been derived from slave-holding, slave-trading, and slave-driving, from the day the first cargo of Africans was landed at Jamestown down to the day when the last of the race shall be emancipated, is to be swept away in the vortex of civil war, with probably compound interest at 6 per cent. If so, who shall gainsay the justice of the Almighty? But the dread account does not stop here. Dollars and cents can be replaced. The accumulation of wealth which the sun beholds in his course from the Atlantic to the Pacific to-day is a trifle in the lifetime of a nation. There is an account of bloodshed and tears, bodily torture, separation of husband and wife, parent and child, extending over a period of two hundred years. Have we nothing to balance it in our own sufferings, in the tale of every battle-field, in the mortality report which each day brings us from some quarter? We have used men and women as so much raw material to be worked up into cotton and sugar, till we have been able to compute that the average life of a slave on a plantation in the cotton and sugar States is about seven years. Do our hospitals on the Peninsula show nothing to correspond with this fact in the alarming waste of human life?

"There is a philosophy in this war which we would do well to comprehend. They tell us that England is on the eve of great calamities by reason of the war in America. England is entitled to great calamities by reason of the war in America. England is entitled to great calamities for putting upon us the original sin. Let her take her just share and bear it as she may. 'I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.' England gave us slavery and took cotton for her pay. If she has made rope enough out of it to hang herself, let her cry aloud to God for mercy, and not rail at us for being the instrument in His hands to carry forward the decrees of everlasting justice.

"But what shall be the penalty of the slave-holders themselves in this general settlement? What is the balance due from them at the great clearing-house? If those who are only responsible as accessories, those who long ago put away the sin from their own doors, suffer so much, what must be the reckoning for those who have trafficked in human flesh, wielded the scourge with their own hands, and taken the sword at last to perpetuate and extend the horrid crime? 'Wo unto thee Chorazin! wo unto thee Bethsaida! It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the Day of Judgment than for you. And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell.' Before the slave-holding classes shall see the sword again sheathed they will, in all probability, be obliterated from human society or reduced to a condition not less wretched than that of the slaves whom they have so long and infamously maltreated. 'I tremble for my country,' said Jefferson, 'when I think that God is just, and that His justice will not sleep forever.' He is just. Let us endure with humility that which He puts upon us, and strive no longer to our own hurt to thwart His immutable decrees."

Mr. White, in answer to a question from me, says that the idea embodied in the foregoing article was suggested to him by Mrs. Mary E. Root, his wife's mother, a woman of deep religious feeling, who was accustomed to refer all great national events to the decrees of an overruling Providence. The Rev. David Root, her husband, was one of the famous antislavery divines of the Garrisonian period.

The time will never come in this country when even the least educated American will cease to be interested in the mental processes by which Abraham Lincoln reached those sublime conclusions on moral and political questions which made him invincible. His few oratorical efforts have made him immortal. His lofty and dispassionate treatment of a great wrong did not more completely electrify the earnest, determined hearers who crowded around him on the prairies of Illinois in 1858 than his terse and vigorous English will charm the student of history as the decades since his death recede into centuries. He is best described by Herndon:

"All facts and principles had to run through the crucible of an inflexible judgment, and be tested by the fierce fires of his analytical mind, and hence, when he spoke, his utterances rang out with the clear ring of genuine gold upon the counters of the understanding."

JESSE W. WEIK.

A RECENT JOURNEY THROUGH THE WEST

BY JULIAN RALPH

XV.

CLUB LIFE OUT WEST.

THERE is more or less club life to-day in all the American cities, and in the far West the club-house has come to be included in the first crop of houses, along with the tavern, the bank, the newspaper office, and the gambling-joint. It comes far in advance of the fire-engine and the city hall. I have seen some queer results of the forcing of a club-house upon a community that did not know what to do with it, as in one Puget Sound city, where the drummers went to it to play pool, and left their advertising cards on the walls of the reading-room. And in the towns of a mining State the club-rooms were very like the gambling-hells, the difference being that they were private, and the long rows of tables were given over to poker instead of faro and roulette. For that spirit which regards the club as a constant rendezvous by day and night one must follow the salt water from New York to Washington, to New Orleans and Galveston, and then to San Francisco. Between the two oceans, except in Galveston and New Orleans, the clubs are mainly lunching-resorts built in the business districts, and patronized by busy men at noontime. Governor Tillman's hatred of clubs and his trade in a deadly quality of official liquor gave the South Carolina clubs a wonderful popularity and vitality during two or more years, and even in the smaller towns the clubs were proportionately as well attended as those of London; but that was a temporary condition.

It is a mistake to suppose that, because club life finds fewer otherwise leisurely votaries, the club-houses of the West are rude, or even small. On the contrary, they are often very large and costly buildings, and there are few that are not attractive inside and out. I think I could name twoscore cities in which the leading clubs are housed in buildings that would not look amiss in New York, and that would serve a metropolitan membership. But they are only well attended when some occasion brings a great many strangers to the towns. It amused me very much to read in the Chicago *Post* of May 21st a letter to the editor asking him who was to blame for "the absence of home life in these big cities." I was in a club almost as large in membership and in its accommodations as any in America, and it was the middle of the dinner hour, yet only eighteen persons were there; and that was more than I had seen at dinner, as a rule. If home life was absent in that city, it certainly had not been driven away by the clubs. Yet the clubs are of more importance in Chicago than in any other city between the two oceans.

There are many small clubs in Cleveland. Its principal bicycle club has one of the finest houses of its kind in the country. Its Country Club is very cozily housed, and during warm weather is the constant resort of the gentlemen and ladies of the city, who utilize it for dances, teas, and as a place of social rendezvous. A number of the same set maintain what is called the Road-side Club in the driving-park. Though it is on the race-track grounds, the club has nothing to do with the racing association. The building suggests an ideal road-side tavern rather than a club-house. It makes a nice turning-point in a drive. It has a spacious porch, and great attractive breezy rooms wherein men and women may dance or dine or lounge of an afternoon. A very exquisite little club is called the Rowfant Club, which gets its name from the Rowfant Library of the late Frederick Locker Lampson, one of the most extensive and valuable book collections in England. The Rowfant Club occupies small and very homelike quarters in the heart of the city, and whoever enters them finds himself in an atmosphere of peace and dainty luxury. Around the walls are fine engravings, paintings, and etchings, together with many pipes of strange design. The collection of candlesticks in one of the rooms is, I suppose, one of the most extraordinary of its kind in the country. The club's birthtime was Candlemas night. Every member is obliged to present a candlestick to the club, and each one tries to get one as curious as he can. On the night of the anniversary of the club's birthday the candles in all these sticks are lighted. The Rowfanters are sixty-nine in number, and their limit is seventy. The president is W. H. Gaylord, a retired lawyer, and a book-lover and collector. H. A. Sherman, the vice-president, has one of the best libraries on angling in the world. The secretary is Mr. R. M. Parmelee, a fond lover of good books, and the treasurer is Thomas H. Wilson. Among the members are Mr. Covert, ex-editor of the *Leader*; Newton M. Anderson, principal of the University School; W. H. Brett, librarian of the Public Library; and Charles Orr, who occupies the same position in the Case Library. Among the non-resident members are some well-known book-lovers who belong to the Caxton and the Grolier clubs.

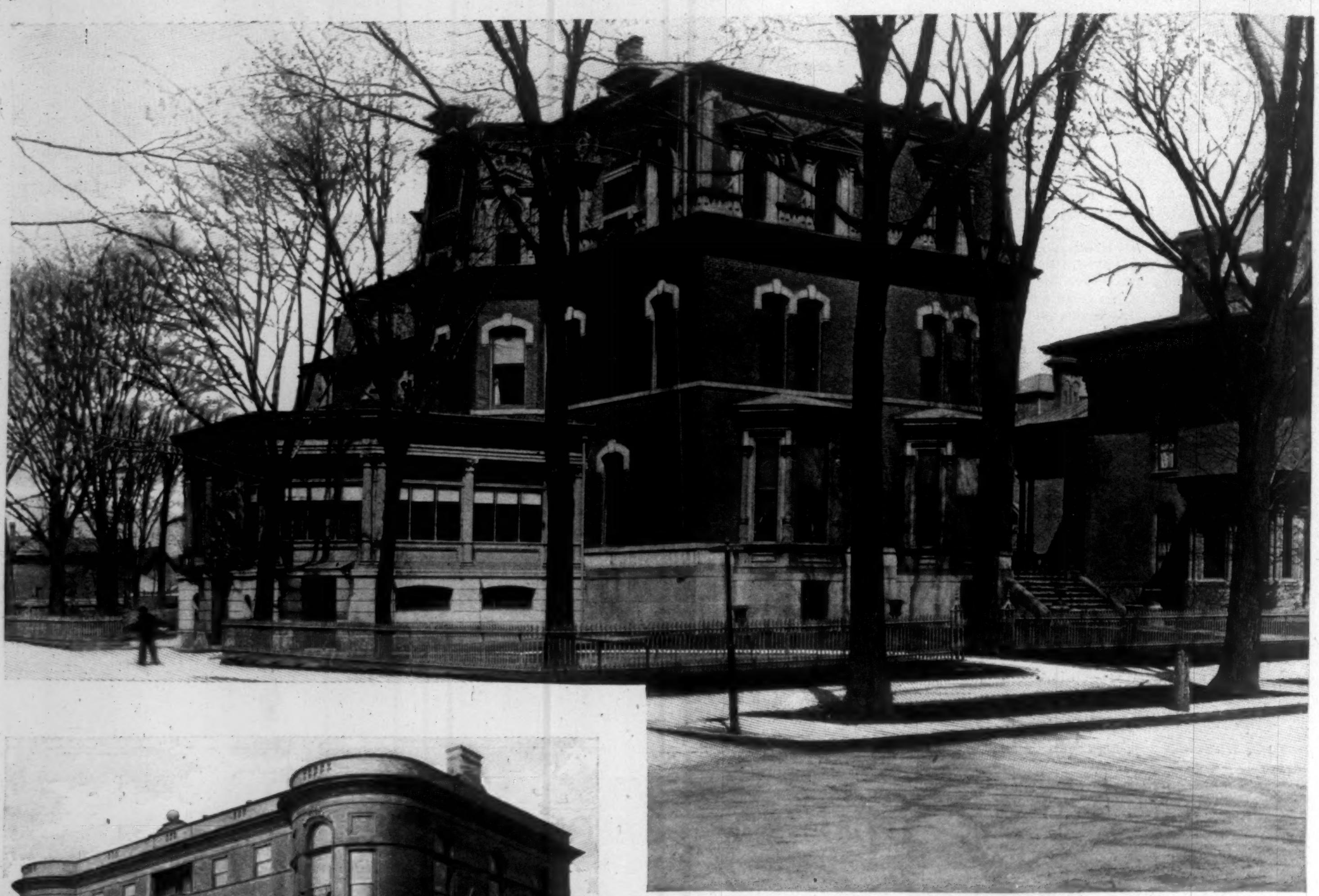
The leading club in Cleveland—the Union—has become a commercial club, and leaves the city without a strictly social club, except the great and attractive one which the Jews maintain farther away from the thick of the town, in the residence district. In 1872 the leading men purchased an old square brick mansion near the mouth of the famous Euclid Avenue, when that great semi-rural boulevard had nothing upon it but mansions. Ever since then these club-men, now 400 strong, have been adding to it and improving it, until it is a strange yet cozy conglomeration of pinched old-fashioned rooms and ample modern ones. Its old parlors, for instance, and its billiard-room, are small, but its dining-rooms are very spacious, and parts of the club are as tasteful and "up to date" as art can make them, while other parts are such as one would expect to find in the Fillmore Mansion in Buffalo or in Fraunce's Tavern. The Union was more nearly a social club until business blocks crowded it on all sides and put it in the midst of the shop and office life of the city. Then it found itself just in the right spot for a lunching or down-down club, to be crowded with men between noon and half past two o'clock, and all but deserted afterwards, except when a handful of men stop to play whist or billiards, or when a dinner is on in one of the upstairs private dining-rooms. You may see everybody there in the middle of the day, and take your chance of seeing any one at all thereafter. This has been the fate, through the same process, of two of the biggest clubs in Chicago, and of the Detroit Club, and it is a fate that makes clubs prosperous and useful where the conditions are such that purely social clubs would languish.

In one of the upstairs small dining-rooms in the Union, some half-dozen or more years ago, the club governors graciously consented to allow madame the member's wife, and mesdemoiselles his daughter and niece, to sup during certain limited hours, provided that monsieur the member supped with them. Thus madame and mademoiselle inserted that dainty slipper-point, which has widened the crevice until it has revolutionized club life all over the land, from the University Club in San Francisco to the newest great club in New York, and to almost every club in Brooklyn. They got one foot in, the other followed, and both feet stay there. Now in Cleveland madame and mademoiselle have a carriage drive alongside the club-house, and enter a side door to a carpeted, lace-curtained room, but without the starch-capped maid to meet them who is found at that door of the Union League in Chicago. Beyond their antechamber they find a dressing-room, with more lace curtains, and a toilet table, whereon one sees silver-backed brushes and combs surrounding a pint bottle of eau-de-Cologne. Liveried men stand awkwardly by to accentuate the absence of the maid. From here the ladies step into a fine large dining-room, all showy with damask and lustrous with silver and crystal, between walls chastely decorated. Certain of the private dining-rooms are as much for madame as for monsieur, and that whole side of the house, above the main floor, cherishes the tread of her feet, and attests the fact that if club life is inimical to home life, madame has become *particeps criminis*, and cannot oppose it or make it the theme of wee sma' hour orations.

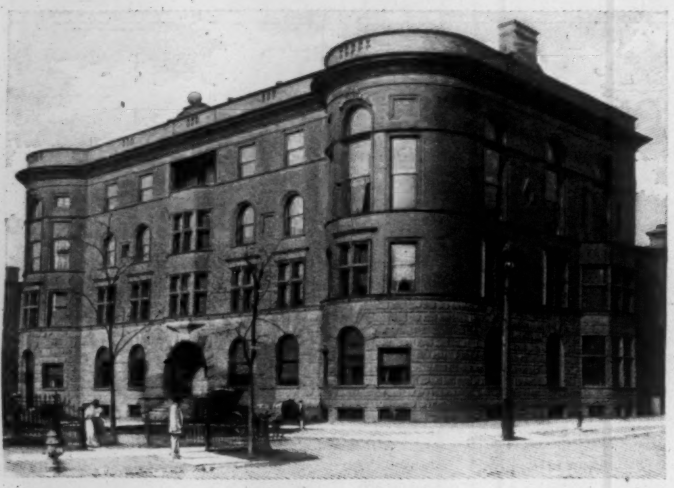
But the most extraordinary of the Cleveland clubs is the Athletic. I do not know but that it is the most extraordinary thing of any sort in the city. It does not belong in the category of the clubs about which I am writing, except in this way, that it has many characteristics of a great social club for the younger men, and will do more to develop future club-men than a half-dozen legitimate social clubs could do. It has 1000 members, representative of every walk of life, and the motto of its manager, Mr. Scoville, is, "Something for everybody." Therefore, besides its baths and athletic attractions, it has a café, reading-rooms, a band, an orchestra, and clubs within the club for the pursuit of whist, pedro, cribbage, and chess.

Buffalo is well supplied with social clubs that are social clubs, and they are excellent, although only one occupies a building designed for its service, and none of the clubs is abreast of the now general custom of maintaining a dining-room or a part of its building as a rendezvous for ladies. The leading organization is the Buffalo Club. A dozen or fifteen years ago, it is said, of the 150 members, a few old gentlemen came to the club-house when they felt like it, and chatted or drank or played a rubber, but if a young man came in they were shocked, and he was talked about all over town as on the highway to Hades. At about that time the town had grown to such a size that the business men felt the need of a luncheon resort—they had been going home during the hour after twelve o'clock—and so they started the City Club downtown. They went there for luncheon, and the club supplied a want, but in time certain members got to dawdling there until evening, and even to abusing the time they wasted there; besides, they admitted members indiscriminately, and so the City Club lost its character and died, and the Buffalonians went along as they had done before there was such a club.

If you compare the Buffalo Club with the Somerset of Boston or the Union of New York, it is "not in it," as the members admit; but when you compare it with the Chicago Club, its members who belong to both will offer to prove that it is ahead—not in restaurant receipts, but in *camaraderie* and the congeniality and homogeneousness of its members. The Buffalonians still dine at home, and though the club has a restaurant and 400 members, it has not supplanted the homes. It does not serve above twenty breakfasts a month, and not many more luncheons. It serves an attractive *table d'hôte* dinner at a moderate price, and a dozen to twenty members enjoy it; but the house is crowded on Saturday nights, when it is the custom for all the men to meet there over a light free supper.



BUFFALO CLUB HOUSE.



DETROIT CLUB HOUSE.

MILWAUKEE CLUB HOUSE.

But what the club excels in is what comes of the peculiarly pleasant society of the place. This is not genealogical or purse-ridden, but is based on good-fellowship, a love of out-door sport, and congeniality generally. This is a city that maintains a polo club, and that, until the New-Yorkers came in, was the mainstay of the near-by Genesee Valley Hunt Club. It is an open-air city of open-air lovers. No city of its size has so great and fine a carriage display or so many fine horses, and it is said that no city of any size has its mileage of concrete streets.

A younger set has started a club called the Saturn, across the way from the Buffalo Club on Delaware Avenue. It gets its name from having originally met as a small whist club on Saturday nights. It has one of the coziest and prettiest club-houses in America, and the only one in Buffalo that was built for the purpose. The beautiful house is so arranged within that the bulk of the interior is one great meeting-room, set with padded chairs before an open fire-place. The dining, billiard, and other rooms open out of or upon this assembly-parlor upon the lower and upper stories; they surround and look into it. The club has a profit-paying membership, and makes the same claim that the Buffalo Club does, of having a more homogeneous body of men than any other in the city. This is a claim that certainly cannot be set up by the newest and most vigorous club in the city—the University. It was established last spring with 200 members, and by summer-time had 225, with a field yet to draw from. It has rented a large dwelling, and altered it to meet its purposes. This success could not have been achieved very long before it was attempted, a recent large influx of young college men from other cities having made it possible. The membership, though confined to college and university men, is naturally mixed, and prone to separate into sets, in which regard it differs from the others.

The Detroit Club is housed in one of the handsome buildings of the city, close to the heart of business, and consequently rather a lunching and commercial club than a social club, as we understand the term in the larger cities. The homes of the members that cannot be easily reached on foot are brought close at hand by the trolleys, and it is the members who are instinctively club-men who make the most use of the institution. For some of these it has a floor of sleeping-rooms. Fifteen members breakfast there on an average, and for luncheon between 100 and 125 are served. The club has 475 resident and 125 non-resident members, and these compliment the ladies by setting aside a large part of the building for their use. Their apartments are at one side of the house—a large reception-room, and above that, a general dining-room and some private rooms. On one day in each of the months of March, April, and May the entire house is thrown open to the ladies in the afternoon. In this house, as in that of the Union Club of Cleveland, the kitchen is at the top of the building. The distinguishing characteristic of the Detroit Club is its fondness for high-class paintings. In every year a loan exhibition is given there, and the members manage to buy, or to obtain as a present from some wealthy member, the painting that is most admired. Already the walls are decorated with the work of Childe Hassam, R. Swain Gifford, C. Y. Turner, A. Cleveland Coxe, and other eminent American artists.

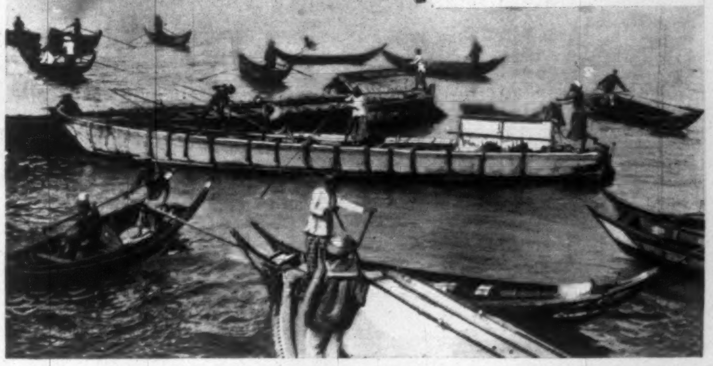
In Milwaukee, Minneapolis, and St. Paul, as in Detroit, the leading club of each city occupies a costly and handsome building, and these clubs are typical of a large number of such institutions in the progressive Western cities. They are precisely what Mr. Chauncey M. Depew called all clubs—"associations of 600 men who pay for the pleasure of 60." The truth is not merely that the men of these smaller cities love their homes better than the metropolitans love theirs, but they have better homes to love, and, as a rule, more time for and temptation to indulge in out-of-door life—especially riding and driving—than we who live boxed up in stone and brick. I say their homes are better; I mean that they are truer to the perfect ideal in being larger, of pleasing and varied designs, and set about with lawns in parklike regions. The beautiful drives are not miles away, but begin at their doors, and men gather there in neighborhoods as we can only meet in clubs; that is to say, their neighbors are their friends and their homes are the neighborhood meeting-places—to-night this one, to-morrow that, as each offers a dinner party or an evening whist meeting or dance or other form of entertainment. There is a liberal code, too, which requires a man to entertain his friends at his home, and it is no such compliment in those cities to be put up and dined at the club as it is in a metropolis. Therefore the clubs are for the entertainment of acquaintances and business visitors, for lunching-places at midday, and for infrequent hours at whist or billiards when time hangs heavily. The few bachelors who persist in their single cursedness make these clubs their homes, but find them deserted at night and empty on Sundays. I have an idea that a great many of the clubs in such cities are not wholly self-supporting, and I have had sufficient experience in club management to believe that the restaurants must be run at a loss; and yet the clubs are absolutely necessary to those who know how to use them.

The clubs that I have mentioned as being representative are in each case occupying their own buildings, and the buildings (except one, that is small) are of a kind that would serve in greatly larger cities. The Detroit and Milwaukee clubs have very handsome buildings, and that of the Minneapolis Club is almost as fine, and quite as large. It always seems to me that the people of St. Paul have a more vigorous club and make more use of it than do the club-men in the other cities. In Milwaukee women are admitted to the club-house on certain days of each week, and in Minneapolis they may dine in the private dining-rooms whenever they are accompanied by members. All these clubs have an average attendance of one hundred persons at noon of each day except Sunday.

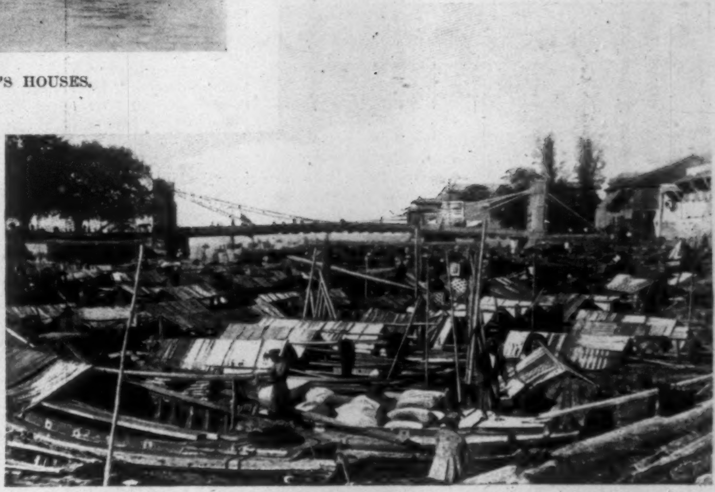
STREET SCENE.

RIVER BOATS.

TIN WORKMEN'S HOUSES.



SMALL BOATS THAT GATHER AROUND THE SHIPS.



RIVER BOATS.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION—SINGAPORE.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

SINGAPORE AND THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.

SINGAPORE, the capital of the Straits Settlements, and practically of the whole southern end of the Malay Peninsula, with its British settlements and its various protected states under native rule, is one of those favored spots which in the very nature of things were destined to greatness and prosperity. Its fine natural harbor forms the necessary stepping-stone between the Indian Ocean and the seas of eastern Asia, as well as the most central and convenient depot for the as yet unknown wealth of the rich islands of the Malay Archipelago. The interchange of the commerce of India on the one side, and China and Japan on the other, has in all the long centuries of its existence swept round the little island on which was built the ancient city of Sing-hapur, the ruins of which may still be seen close by the modern streets and quays and esplanades of its successor in name as well as in situation. The island, which goes by the same name as the city, is but a small one, measuring only about twenty-seven miles in length by fourteen in breadth, and is separated by a narrow channel only from the long peninsula which forms the southern point of the Asiatic Continent.

The island, although not the oldest of the Straits Settlements, has been in British hands since 1819, when it was purchased by the East India Company from the predecessors of the Sultans of Johore, now one of the protected states of the peninsula. The harbor is well fortified, and year by year large sums of money are expended in improvements and additional defences. In the meantime, however, it is to its commercial facilities that the greatest attention is paid, with the result that the port of Singapore is in all respects one of the most free and convenient in the world.

The Straits Settlements, of which it is the capital, are Penang, Malacca, the Dinding Isles, and the Cocos group, and of these, Penang and Malacca are the most important. Penang, indeed, is the oldest of the possessions, having been acquired by purchase in the year 1785 by the East India Company. It is an island about fifteen miles in length by five miles wide, and in 1798 was added to by the purchase of a considerable strip of the mainland opposite. Malacca, which alone of these settlements forms part of the mainland, is a narrow strip of land about forty-two miles long by twenty-five broad on the coast, and supports a large population, engaged generally in agricultural pursuits. Both these territories, as well as the Dindings and the Cocos group, are populous and highly productive of the most valuable tropical commodities.

The island of Singapore itself was, until about twenty years ago, famous for its extensive groves of spice-trees, but at that time they were attacked by a blight which after a year or two caused them to be abandoned for purposes of trade. There are few more delightful places than Singapore, and probably none that occupy a position anything like so near the equator. It is an island of delightful sea-breezes that are almost unfailing, owing no doubt to its position, and the inhabitants have thus all the beauties of tropical scenery and vegetation with a climate far less exhausting to Europeans than any portion of the mainland in Asia within the tropics, or even for some distance beyond. The city of Singapore, although possessing none of the special interest which attaches to the more ancient cities of India as the products of ancient civilizations and religions, possesses already many of the best features of a great modern town, along with much of the picturesqueness which we associate with Eastern and tropical countries. Its population is large, there being somewhere between four and five hundred thousand inhabitants on the little island, of whom the larger part live in and immediately around the city. Chinese and Malays form the bulk of this population; but there is hardly an Eastern race which does not have some representatives here, and their variety of costume and appearance has much to do with the interest which attaches to every scene, whether on land or water, about Singapore.

Here, as in most of the Eastern cities we have visited, the horse is to be regarded as a luxury. When used at all it is either for riding or for the carriages of the wealthy merchants or officials of the city in the evening hours of pleasure or display on the great esplanade, where the four hundred of Singapore enjoy the sea-breezes and criticise their neighbors. At other times, and for more business purposes, the public rides in the jinrikisha, and is drawn by an active Chinaman, a specimen of whom forms the foreground of our street scene. That a man is better than a horse for most purposes we had all believed before, but it was only the experience of a Singapore jinrikisha that convinced us finally that, on the whole, he excelled that noble animal in drawing a carriage. There are said to be seven thousand man-drawn carriages that ply for hire daily in Singapore, and the mode of transit is at once pleasant, speedy, and cheap.

The harbor is, however, the real centre of life at Singapore, and great as is the variety to be met with on land, it is as nothing compared with that which prevails on the water. To those who have seen only an American or European harbor, with its steam and sailing vessels all very similar in type, it is hardly possible to give an idea of the endless variety to be met with in a port like that of Singapore. Everything, from the most primitive canoe to the finest specimens of modern ocean steamers, which the simplicity or the trained ingenuity of man has devised for traffic on the water, now or formerly, may be seen there crowding and jostling in what looks like a confused mass. There is order, however, at Singapore, for the harbor is well managed, and the officials are firm though pleasant, and the confusion is more apparent than real. Two special features add much to the picturesque character of the harbor scenes, one being the vast proportion of the boats that are used for dwellings, where the boatmen and even their families live, and the other the custom of erecting the houses for some classes of workmen—especially the workers in tin—on piles in the shallower waters of the harbor.

THE LAW.

How difficult is the law! One who knows the law must know how to choose from its armories a spear to pierce its own armor, or a shield proof against its spears. The law is long, and hath no end; it is uncertain unto dumbness; often silent or ambiguous for the future, yet demanding rigorous observance of the past. It is subtle to include the craft of the ages; sordid, fierce, and unjust, bound by the precedents of half-savage times, yet holding latent within itself all the betterment of times to come. How difficult is the law!

The neophytic student who, being given a corner in the lawyer's office, lays a sheep-bound volume on his knees, and pulls his ears forward while absorbing the elementary teachings concerning "ploughbote" and "housebote," little wots into what a world of learning this seemingly simple stove-wood literature will expand. Perceiving it, he is appalled, and when he suffers a common recovery from his emotions he adopts one of two courses—gives over study and becomes a shyster and jack-leg, or with iron resolution continues his endless labor. If he continues, he is immediately recognized as a first-class lawyer of sterling merit.

Having thus briefly but, we trust, fully considered the study of the law, we turn to a consideration of those who practise the legal profession.

Strangely enough, the practice of the legal profession is often illegal. I have known two or three lawyers who succeeded in freeing their clients and setting them unbound in the primrose paths of liberty while they themselves were detained to walk the thorny paths of bribery and subornation.

As a class lawyers are unusually vain, being in this respect as vain as men in other professions, and approximating to editors and drummers.

"The law," say the lawyers, "sharpens the perceptions, cultivates the judgment, and opens the mind to reason and argument."

The grocers speak equally highly of the grocery business. They claim that selling a codfish puts them ahead

of their generation, and that disposing of a crate of mildewed raspberries after four o'clock Saturday afternoon leaves them without companions in intellectual converse.

It is the pet sophistry of lawyers that they are enabled by their special training to look upon both sides of a question. When lawyers fail to telling you of their unbiassed minds, you will have to ask them to go slowly on account of the excitement. But, in fact, lawyers see merit on only one side, and that is their own side. That their side deserves the verdict they have an absolute belief. It is true that in addressing judge or jury they employ such magnificent rhetoric that you think their belief is affected and assumed, but it is in fact real. Every lawyer thinks he should win, if not on his case, then on his almost sinfully ingenious way of presenting it.

It is said that the pursuit of the law makes a fair man, but fairness law and lawyers think little of. So little, indeed, that if a lawyer should attempt to introduce evidence to show the righteousness, and even holiness, of his cause, opposing counsel would immediately object to it as trifling and immaterial. The judge would sustain them, saying, "It is not pertinent."

"I understand that, your Honor," the hopeless lawyer might say. "I wish to throw in the righteousness of my case merely as a makeweight."

"That will not do," the judge would sternly reply. "I cannot listen to extraneous matters. If you have no crafty evasion of the law or ingenious subterfuge to bring forward, you will be adjudged in contempt for pretending to occupy the time of this court."

WILLISTON FISH.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE Congressmen who have been bent on censuring Ambassador Bayard for his Edinburgh address seem to have found no extenuation for what they think amiss in his conduct in the notorious circumstance that ever since he went to London he has been losing money on his job. Pains have been taken more than once to inform Congress that all five of Uncle Sam's ambassadors are underpaid, and that the emoluments of their offices by no means defray their necessary expenses. In Mr. Bayard's case especially the balance is well understood to be decidedly on the wrong side. It is true that Mr. Bayard has never said that he would take part of his proper pay in cash and the rest in special privileges of speech, but it would certainly have been graceful for the House to imply the existence of such an arrangement, and, as long as Bayard does receive only part of his proper salary in cash, to permit him to take the rest of it out in exceptional freedom of speech and behavior. Editors have worked cheap before now on condition that no restrictions should be placed on the free expression of their opinions. It would seem not inequitable certainly if our ambassadors were allowed on like grounds analogous privileges.

The annual report of the New York Free Circulating Library tells a striking story of continued growth and usefulness. It has six branches now—at 49 Bond Street, 135 Second Avenue, 251 West Thirteenth Street, 149 West Twentieth Street, 226 West Forty-second Street, and 18 East 125th Street. In the year ending November 1, 1895, it circulated 654,451 volumes, an increase of 18,318 over the previous year, and all with only 81,785 volumes on its shelves. Only two libraries in America, the public libraries of Boston and Chicago, can beat this total of circulation. The new Harlem branch did particularly well. With about 4000 books to work with, its circulation reached the surprising total of 96,319, which means an average of twenty-four readers for every book. All the branches need more books, and the Harlem branch especially needs good books of reference. The books to send to the libraries are not worn-out, useless trash that is sold by the pound at old-book stalls, but "live works of merit in fiction, history, or travel that have been read and thrown aside." About seventy per cent. of the whole circulation of the library is adult and juvenile fiction. All the branches are open for several hours on Sundays. At the Second Avenue branch nearly half the circulation is German. The library's income for the year the report covers was $43,000, of which $23,000 was appropriated by the city, $5000 from invested funds, and $12,000 from gifts and subscriptions.

It is for the interest of civilization that measures should be taken to provide a suit of clothes for President Krueger, of the Transvaal. He may not feel as bad as the Armenians do, but he looks much worse, and, unlike them, he is in a position to set a fashion. If the species of clothing which he affects should come to recommend itself to imitation, civilization would be set back at least twenty-five years. It is respectfully suggested that Mr. Cleveland spare him an outfit of the garb of authority, and that General Benjamin Harrison donate a hat, and that these timely supplies be conveyed to him on an American war-ship, and shot ashore, appropriately tagged, from Delagoa Bay.

Congressman Pugh, of Kentucky, has prepared a bill proposing that cities of over a hundred thousand inhabitants shall be authorized to issue their own postage stamps, of special designs commemorating their history or the memory of distinguished citizens. Mr. Pugh thinks the cities would like such stamps, and that chambers of commerce would be glad to stand the expense of engraving them. Whether he is in league with the stamp-collectors, or is bent upon their ruin, is not quite apparent, but on the surface of it his plan seems excellently adapted to give the philatelists brain-fever.

It was well enough theoretically for the State of New York to make Lincoln's birthday a public holiday, but practically it was a measure of very doubtful expediency. It falls on the 12th of February, a time when few persons care to take a day off, and only ten days before Washington's birthday. Christmas and New-Year's are the only public holidays in New York State which come so near together. Future American heroes who aspire to have days assigned to them will please kindly arrange to have birthdays between June and November.

Dr. Van Dyck, the oldest American missionary to Syria, who died there a few weeks ago, spent his last days in finishing a translation of *Ben-Hur* into Arabic. Thanks to his labors, all the far Eastern nations that speak Arabic will soon have the advantage, already enjoyed by the Germans, French, Italians, Spanish, Dutch, Bohemians, Armenians, and English, of reading General Wallace's romance in their mother-tongue. Even the blind can read it, for it has been published in folio with raised letters.

The Hospital Book and Newspaper Society is the New York organization which collects the newspapers and books that are dropped into its red boxes and puts them into the hands of people who want them. Judging from its twenty-first annual report, which is just out, few of its contemporaries can beat it in making a little money go a long way, doing good as it goes. Reading-matter for it should be sent to 105 East Twenty-second Street; gifts of money, to its treasurer, Mrs. Fordham Morris, 45 East Thirtieth Street.

E. S. MARTIN.

CHICAGO.

MENTION was recently made in these columns of a speech of Mr. Richard Mansfield's, in which he announced his intention of retiring from the stage. Mr. Mansfield has since written a letter to the dramatic critic of the Chicago *Times-Herald*, which is an interesting statement of the reasons that have made the writer almost despair of his chosen profession, and that will account for his giving it up, should he ultimately decide to do so. Mr. Mansfield's reasons for despair are three in number, the first being "snobbery"; the second, "the law in its relation to travellers with effects"; and the third, "the decadence in popular taste for serious art." Concerning the first point he says, "If you analyze the success of this play, or that star, you will generally come upon snobbery or the prostitution of art to a degraded taste"; which is true enough, Heaven knows. Of the third point he says, epigrammatically, "We have now come upon the music-hall age"; which is also for the most part mournfully true. Upon the second point he enlarges at some length, and gives examples from his own experience. Trumped-up attachment proceedings, which amount simply to blackmail, constitute the grievance in this case, and a very real grievance it must be, to judge from what is said. Jones of Columbus is annoyed because Brown's theatre has been given the preference, and demands $300 damages. "At one o'clock in the morning some dozen sheriff's officers appear and seize my scenery, my baggage, arrest my manager, besiege my private car, terrorize my wife, and handcuff some of my employés. They brandish pistols in our faces and use foul language. The ladies and gentlemen of the company stand about the depot in the cold night helpless. It is the robbery of $300 or we cannot depart." If Mr. Mansfield has not overstated the case he certainly deserves sympathy, and we can hardly wonder that he should have been tempted to escape such annoyances by giving up the profession he has done so much to adorn.

The new pension law concerning teachers and other employés of the Chicago Board of Education has just gone into effect, and a deduction of one per cent. from the January salaries provides the beginnings of the pension fund. It is a forced contribution, but it meets with the approval of the great majority of those affected. In round numbers, it will produce about forty thousand dollars a year, since the pay-roll amounts to some four millions. Service for twenty years in the case of women, and for twenty-five in the case of men, gives the right to retirement upon half-pay, provided, however, that no pension shall exceed six hundred dollars annually. There is some talk among the malcontents of contesting the law, and, if brought into the courts, it is possible that it may be set aside. It is evident from the above statement that the law embodies two features not strictly equitable—the distinction between men and women, and the discrimination against the higher-salaried employés. In a word, the law enforces payments upon one basis, while its benefits are conferred upon another. To take extreme cases, the person who contributes seventy dollars a year and the one who contributes but twelve are entitled to the same pension of six hundred dollars. But, defective though the law may be, it is a step in the right direction, and its enactment is a sign of progress in educational affairs.

Mr. James W. MacDonough, of Chicago, has been experimenting in color-photography for a number of years past, and has worked out a scheme that is interesting for its novelty, and is seemingly practicable. Most experiments in this field have been attempts to produce colors by the interference of light-waves in films of transparent material (as illustrated by soap-bubbles and mother-of-pearl), or to produce the composite color effect of nature by printing in colored inks from a number of plates (usually three), each prepared from a negative that has been acted upon by a single primary color. Some remarkable results have already been reached by both of these methods. Mr. MacDonough, however, has gone to work in an entirely different way. His plan is to have the color on the sensitized paper before printing—red, green, and blue lines ruled in alternation, three hundred or more to the inch. A sheet of paper thus prepared appears faintly tinted, and would almost pass for white. The negative is made behind a colored screen ruled in exactly the same way. Superimposed upon the paper in perfect register, the negative is then used for printing, and, owing to the chemical action that ensues, the color is fixed wherever the light falls, and may be dissolved off from those spots upon which the light has not fallen. For example, a red point in the object photographed reflects a ray of red light. This ray encounters a red line upon the screen before the negative, and fails to get through. The point just beneath on the negative is unaffected, and remains transparent after development. In printing, this transparent point allows the red point on the paper beneath to be affected, and the color becomes fixed at that point. Thus, for every red point in the object photographed a red point is fixed upon the print, provided it happens to coincide with one of the red lines. If it coincides with a green or a blue line the paper is left white at that point. It is obvious that the outcome of this extremely ingenious method will depend upon the success with which the inventor surmounts the mechanical difficulties of ruling and register, and the chemical difficulties of fixing the pigments at the points where the light strikes them. The results of his experiments will be awaited with the deepest interest.

W. M. P.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE Rev. Dr. William H. Furness, whose sudden death occurred January 30th, had become by reason of his achievements and great age one of Philadelphia's notables. In his ninety-fourth year, on Monday, January 13, 1896, he celebrated the seventy-first anniversary of his ordination as a minister of the First Unitarian Church. Dr. Joseph Priestly, the English scientist, who came to this country in the last decade of the eighteenth century, was the founder of this church, which continued until 1825 under lay preaching and oversight. In that year Dr. Furness became the minister, and continued to officiate for fifty years. In 1875 he became pastor emeritus, Rev. Joseph May, the friend and biographer of Rev. Samuel Longfellow, succeeding him a year later. He celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his installation on January 13th. Dr. Furness never had any other charge than this church, which has had but two ministers in its hundred years' existence.

The Furness family is a remarkable one. Not only was its head one of the most eminent divines among the Unitarians, but he was prominent as an anti-slavery man and original abolitionist. His son, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, is known the world over as the editor of the variorum Shakespeare, and is perhaps the leading Shakespearian scholar of his day and generation. Another son, Frank Furness, is a distinguished architect, best known outside of Philadelphia as the designer of the interior work of the steamship *St. Louis*, of the International Navigation Co. His daughter, Mrs. Casper Wister, is best known by her long series of admirable translations from German fiction.

Apropos of the recent street railway strike, in which John Lowber Welsh was a conspicuous figure as the president of the Union Traction Company, an interesting story is told of him and his brother, Herbert Welsh, the well-known reformer and secretary of the Indian Rights Association. It appears that some eight or ten years ago there arose a difficulty between the proprietors of some large manufacturing establishments and their employés. Arbitration was suggested, to which both sides agreed. The employers, unknown to their men, selected John Lowber Welsh as their representative; and the men, unknown to their employers, selected Herbert Welsh. This little incident illustrates the diversity of gifts and talents that may be found within the narrow compass of a single family.

C. R. W.

BOSTON.

AFTER twenty-five years of agitation by the woman-suffragists in Massachusetts, the question of municipal suffrage for women was brought to a test at the last State election. The voters were asked their opinion whether it was expedient to grant this suffrage, and they gave a most emphatic reply. Never before was there so full an expression of opinion upon any question submitted to the people of Massachusetts. Over eighty-three per cent. of those voting for Governor voted upon the question as against sixty-one per cent. who voted upon the amendment to the Constitution abolishing the poll-tax as a prerequisite for voting. Never before has any question submitted to the people of Massachusetts received so overwhelming a defeat. The vote of the men was, "No," 186,976; "Yes," 86,970—a "No" majority of 100,006. The vote of the women was, "Yes," 22,204; "No," 861.

It is estimated that the number of women qualified to register and vote on this question was at least 575,000. Of these more than 550,000 declined to vote, and less than four in a hundred voted "Yes." In other words, more than ninety-six per cent. of the women of the commonwealth either prefer the present status of the suffrage or are wholly indifferent in the matter.

Of the 31 cities of the State every one cast a large majority against woman suffrage. The vote of the 322 towns was, "No," 66,319; "Yes," 32,988—a "No" majority of 33,331. The cities of Massachusetts contain two-thirds of the voters of the State, and, oddly enough, contributed almost exactly two-thirds of the "No" majority.

Of the 322 towns 293 voted "No," 28 voted "Yes," and one was a tie. The 28 towns voting "Yes" were among the smallest in the State, their vote averaging only—"Yes," 51; "No," 42.

During the campaign the down-trodden male voters established a "Massachusetts Man Suffrage Association," the executive committee of which was made up of politicians of both parties. This organization called the attention of the voters of the State to the fact that this question was to be before them at the election, and organized the "No" vote. The "men-suffragists," having accomplished the purposes for which they met together, have dissolved, but the eternal warfare for woman suffrage is still being waged, notwithstanding the severe check of the last election.

In "Montgomery's American History," used in the Chelsea public schools, President Cleveland's first administration is summarized as follows: "The principal events are —1, The widely extended labor riots; 2, The anarchist riots in Chicago; 3, The Charleston earthquake; 4, The passage of four important laws relating to the succession and election of the President, the inter-State commerce, and Chinese immigration."

The senior Senator from Massachusetts declared in the heat of the campaign of 1888 that he would instruct his grandson, in studying the history of the United States, to omit the four years of Cleveland's first administration. This comprehensive summary contained in Montgomery's American History indicates that Senator Hoar may have had some hand in its compilation.

A colored bishop has been refused accommodation at three first-class hotels in Boston, and in consequence the shades of Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips have been much invoked of late in the newspaper press.

The proprietors of the three hotels, shrewd men of business, state that their action was based upon commercial grounds, and that it was not possible for them to buck against a deep-rooted prejudice. The colored travelling

public must take instinctive notice of this prejudice, for it is certainly true that one rarely hears of such incidents as this, and yet colored guests are not seen at the best hotels.

There is a touch of good-breeding in this self-abnegation of a race which is commendable and pathetic. A little reflection along this line should mitigate this prejudice held by the dominant race in this country.

The *Harvard Lampoon* celebrated on February 10th the twentieth anniversary of its first issue. This "only successful college comic paper," as its proprietors like to call it, is more aged than *Puck*, *Judge*, or *Life*. Indeed, the last named periodical is the offspring of the *Lampoon*. Its first editor received his early training in turning a neat paragraph on the college paper, in which also Mr. Attwood drew his first delightful sketches of the "manners and customs of ye Harvard Studente."

The *Lampoon*, then, is the Dean of the comic corps in our country, and while it has not succeeded in graduating from college yet, it has the recompense of possessing perpetual youth. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

An old grievance has been brought forward again by Mrs. Rosina Yung, who recently demanded of the supervisors the passage of a resolution providing for the removal of a fence twenty feet high that the late Charles Crocker built round her lot. When Mr. Crocker raised his palace on Nob Hill he desired to obtain the whole block, and did so, all but a small lot in the rear owned by the Yungs. The Yungs refused to sell, though the price offered them was generous; and Mr. Crocker, resenting the thought of neighborly espial, obscured their view of his garden and lawns by a fence twenty feet high that enclosed their land on three sides. The Yungs have already sought the aid of the law to remove the offending barrier, but to no purpose. Now the widow Yung has made an appeal to the supervisors, who in turn have referred to the city attorney. The city attorney has shattered Mrs. Yung's hopes by stating that the board had no right to pass the proposed resolution, as the Supreme Court in a similar case had held that there was no power to prevent neighbors from building such structures as they please, provided they are not a nuisance, and that the Crocker fence is not such, as it does not obstruct the passage of light and air. So Mrs. Yung must either desert her lot or live in the shadow of the big fence.

The doom of another San Francisco landmark has sounded. This is the famous American Exchange Hotel, which was built in 1851 by Bailey Sargent, a well-known stock-gambler and theatrical manager of the days of the wild Prince and Poyns. At the time of its opening the hotel was regarded as a triumph of magnificence, and all San Francisco crowded to see it, and wonder at the Salamander safe in the office—which showed the first combination-lock seen in the city, and in which the gold-dust of many miners has since been deposited—and the black and white marble hall which cost $8000. All the furnishing of the hotel came round the Horn in sailing-vessels, among other things a great clock that has marked the many momentous hours between then and now, and a piano, which still stands in the parlor, and can be prevailed upon to give forth jingling notes. In the days of its successful heyday, when the mining-men came down with bags of gold-dust from the Sierras, and later, when fortunes were lost and won in the turmoil of Pine Street, the rates for first-class rooms were from six to ten dollars a day, and the rush was so great that an annex had to be built. Across Sansome Street from the hotel was the American Theatre, which ran back to Battery Street, up to which at that time the water came. On the opening night the crowd was so large that the rear of the theatre settled eighteen inches into the water; but a small thing like that was of no moment to the audiences of that cheerful day.

The distributing of a sum for the poor, known as the Robinson Bequest Fund, has been going on during the past week. This year the fund amounts to $1700, the idea of its distribution being that each deserving woman and child shall receive one dollar, provided they can file an affidavit stating they are in need, the truth of which can be vouched for by two people. The greater part of the money is divided among the charitable organizations of the city, who have their own especial lists of deserving cases. Captain McFee, of the Salvation Army, has investigated the cases under his supervision with the thoroughness which marks all the work of the Army, and has now on file in the Mayor's office a list of worthy and unworthy applicants for the city's charity. The Captain sums up his cases with commendable brevity. Here are some of the undeserving: "*Mrs. H. D.*—Drinks a heap more than she works. Has two boys, neither of whom amounts to much, though one of them works. The family, as a whole, is not up to much. *Mrs. B.*—Has a pretty easy brand of poverty. Two daughters earn respectively $20 and $25 a month. The family owns a piano, and has every appearance of being pretty comfortable." Among the deserving the characterizations are even shorter and simpler: "Mrs. Nora V.—Good old soul. Eighty-two years old, and wholly self-dependent. Nearly blind, feeble but plucky, and not half dead yet. Miss E.—A maiden lady, middle-aged, sick, in great distress. Utterly unable to assist herself. Good blood. Good breeding. Great need. Mrs. M.—Poor, honest, willing. Drinks a glass once in a while, but is a pretty decent woman. Owes two months' rent. Straight business. Mrs. E. O'L.—Good old girl. About eighty years old, but full of pluck, grit, and practical piety. In season, when she possibly can, she also cans—in a cannery. A long way off from being a whiner or a beggar." The Salvation Army has worked through its evolution here in a remarkable manner. Ten years ago the hooting and badgering of its members by hoodlums on the streets and in the barracks were tacitly permitted by the public. To-day it is recognized as the most powerful charitable organization in the city, and has projected its influence over a class of paupers and criminals that no other association has ever been able to reach.

Mary Anderson de Navarro has received a gentle correction from the old actor Barton Hill. Mrs. De Navarro in her reminiscences in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, writes feelingly of her painful experiences during her first appearance in San Francisco. She played in a company headed by John McCullough, which gave a series of performances at the California Theatre. Mrs. De Navarro says that her acting was ridiculed, she herself was the subject of ungenerous remarks, was called "an interloper," and that her spirit was nearly broken by unkindness. Mr. Hill, who knew the players well, has written a letter to a morning paper expressing his opinion that such treatment from them was an impossibility, and that Mrs. De Navarro must have jotted down her reminiscences so hastily that she has unwittingly committed an injustice against her companion players. Her first appearance is well remembered by habitués of the California Theatre. She was a tall thin girl, angular as a young boy, wearing very ugly clothes, and showing in her acting that amateurishness which marked her style for many subsequent years. But her severely classic beauty was striking, and impressed a people who have always shown a pagan admiration for physical perfection. G. B.

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvellous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.—[*Adv.*]

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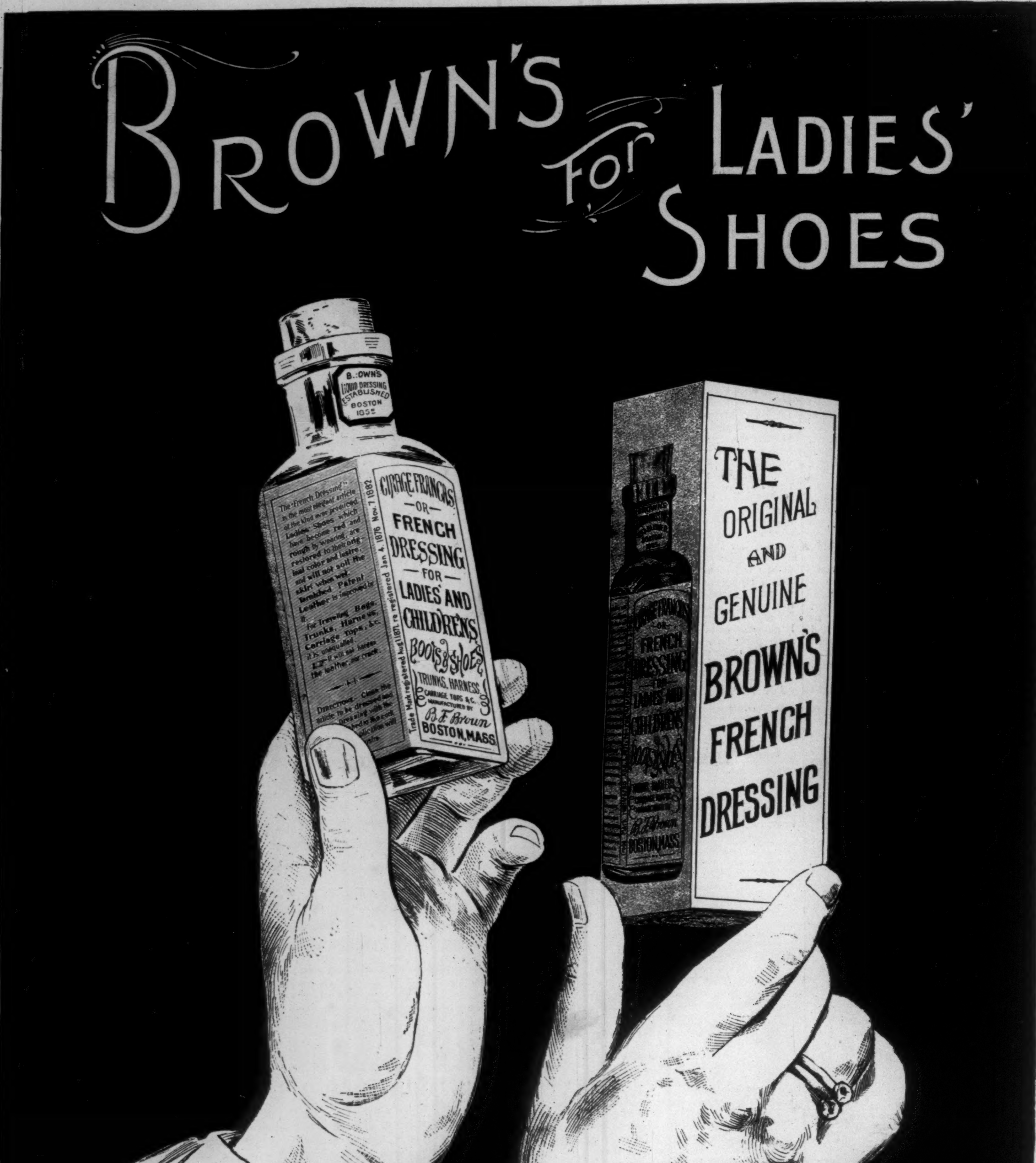

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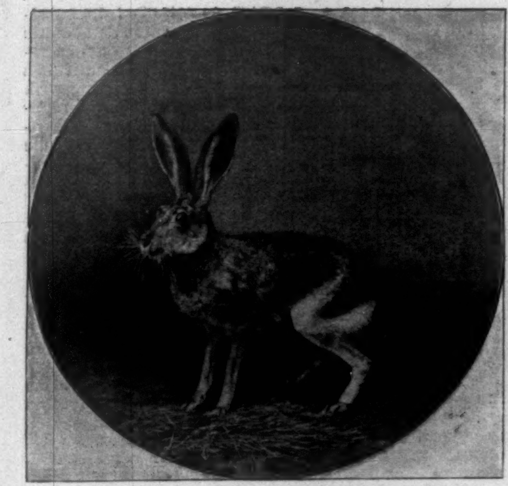
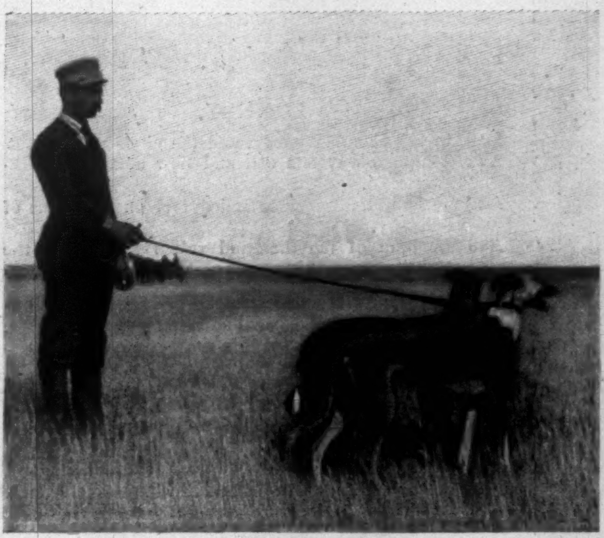


BLACK-TAILED JACK, KANSAS.

A DOG-CRATE IN THE FIELD.

GILKIRK, WINNER OF THE AMERICAN WATERLOO CUP—The Leading Event in the Coursing Meet at Huron, South Dakota, October 5-12, 1895.



READY FOR THE HARE—SLIPPER DODD.

SOME OF THE HOUNDS AND THEIR OWNERS.

THE FIRST AMERICAN WATERLOO, HURON, SOUTH DAKOTA.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar Whitney is making an extended tour through the United States, during the course of which he will visit the important centres of amateur sport. The results of his investigations will from time to time be sent to HARPER'S WEEKLY. *Special articles on matters interesting to sportsmen will meanwhile be published in this Department.*

THE FIRST AMERICAN WATERLOO.

THE most important coursing meet in the history of this noble sport in America was held recently at Huron, South Dakota. At this meet was run for the first time the American Waterloo. Coursing is comparatively new to America, and so peculiar is it in its requirements, that it makes slower progress to popular favor than perhaps any sport which has hitherto been introduced into any part of the country. The sport is perhaps ten years old in the United States, though hares have been run by hounds in California for a considerably longer period.

Some sixty years ago the English coursers established the Waterloo Cup, and it has since remained the leading event in coursing England. The leaders of the sport in this country have been long planning to establish such a cup in the United States. It was successfully done at Huron. Much interest had been aroused over the event. The entries included dogs from New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Missouri, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Wisconsin, Kansas, and California. There were thirty-two nominations for the American Waterloo and sixteen for the Derby, and they were filled months before the meet.

It would be manifestly unfair to single out any one of the kennels represented and to say it possessed the best blood of the meet, but it may be said with all fairness that the low-bred, big-framed, mastifish hound had no place among the nominations for either event. The winners and the runners-up, as well as almost the entire field of dogs, were of the slender type—the type of the best English hounds of the day. The club has established an American Stud-Book, and every hound entered for the meet was registered properly pedigreed. This course will be rigidly followed.

There were plenty of hares, and they displayed the vigor and fleetness as well as the staying qualities which put the fittest hound on his mettle. The country round about Huron is admirably adapted to the sport. Miles away the wide prairie reaches. Slowly advancing over the brown plain the slipper with his brace of dogs in tether leads a queer procession. Behind him rides the judge; to the left and right the flag steward, the slip steward, and the field marshals; behind them a long undulating line of vehicles of pretty nearly every class and type known to modern locomotion, sweeping across the prairie in a line perhaps a quarter of a mile long. The sky is as blue as Italy's, and the sun has a hospitable warmth, albeit your heavy coat, if you are riding in a carriage, is a pleasant protection from the early morning frost-laden air. Suddenly there comes up a prodigious yell from a smart-frocked steward. Just out in the open a rabbit has been sighted, not more than two hundred yards away.

He hobbles along as though on three legs, looks this way and that in comical fashion, makes a few monstrous leaps, just to show what he can do on demand, and then he settles down into a gentle amble, or seeks covert in a bunch of frost-nipped grass. The slipper is advancing with long strides. One of the hounds sees the hare, and is tugging to be slipped; the other has not yet sighted him, and the slipper is holding off for a fair start. In another instant the second hound has seen the hare; with a tremendous bound the dogs are slipped, and across the plain they go like lithe shadows woven in and out among the tawny grasses. So swift their course they are a half-mile away ere your watch has ticked seventy seconds; they can make the mile in a trifle over two minutes. See them now as the hare, going like a racer, turns short upon his heel at a sharp right angle, leaving the hounds to recover as best they may from their great momentum. Again he wheels, and is speeding like the wind directly back to the line of carriages; he is fighting for his life. He doubles on his course again and again; he swings the hounds into a circle as he tries to locate a hospitable hole in the ground of which he happens to know; he runs square into the line of carriages; he is out again in the open, with the hounds eating up the distance between them and him inch by inch; he circles a knoll, is lost to sight an instant, then swings into view and comes bounding down the slope. His brownish back is now threading the grasses, now rising in graceful leaps; now—and the fever in your veins is at its height—he is tossed in air by the winning hound; the next instant his coursing days are over, and he lies dead on the Dakota prairie. The judge, from the point of the kill, perhaps two miles distant from your carriage, has given the flag steward the color, and far in the distance you may see fluttering in the sunlight the white or the crimson banneret which designates the winner of the course.

It is a noble sport. It is absolutely free from the taint of jockeying. The conditions for each dog are the same. Each is slipped at precisely the same moment; each has the same hare to chase over precisely the same course; each hound is given the fullest opportunity to test the compass of his lungs, the nimbleness of his legs, the stoutness of his muscles, the perfection of his lineage. The only way this noble sport can be prostituted and killed is by handing it over to the book-makers. There was a symptom of this in the magnificent meet at Huron. The book-maker was there. It is true that he was not particularly obtrusive on the field, but the entering wedge was there, and it staid in to the end of the meet. It was the first time in the history of the American Coursing Club that open gambling has been allowed; it will be to the credit of the coursers of America if it is the last time.

There are a good many more people in the United States interested in coursing—both of native and English birth—than ever before, but it is to be regretted that a still larger number of Eastern men of wealth who like clean, honorable, and tremendously fascinating sport, if you will pardon the hyperbole, do not engage in it.

The meet just concluded was divided into the American Waterloo, the most important event of the meet, with thirty-two nominations, the American Derby, for sixteen dogs, and the Waterloo purse and plate, for dogs not winning in the two leading events. The winner of the Waterloo received $400; the runner-up, $200; third and fourth, $50 each. The Derby, which was for dogs whelped on or after January 1, 1894, gave $100 to the winner, and smaller prizes to the runner-up and third and fourth. The prizes in themselves were trifling compared with the large expense of bringing a kennel of dogs sometimes a distance of two thousand miles.

The winner of the Waterloo was the fawn bitch Gilkirk, owned by Melrose & Durbin, of Hawarden, Iowa, a dog sired by Glenkirk; dam, Gilda. The runner-up was Diana, black and white bitch, owned by C. A. Robinson, St. Louis, sired by Lord Neversettle out of White Lips. The American Derby was won by the fawn bitch Minneapolis, owned by N. P. Whiting, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, a hound also sired by Glenkirk, out of Innocence. The runner-up was the brindle and white dog Van Bree, owned by Q. Van Hummell, Independence, Indiana, sired by Lord Neversettle; dam, Verdure Clad. Sunol and Kirk Glen, the latter also sired by Glenkirk, divided first money in the Waterloo purse, both being owned by the same gentleman, D. O. Miller, of Oxford, Kansas. Frank Green, owned by J. H. Rew, Artesian, South Dakota, won the Waterloo plate.

William Stephenson, of Dinsdale, Iowa, was judge; Joseph Dodd, Letcher, South Dakota, slipper; C. C. Langley, Huron, South Dakota, flag steward; F. W. Harrigan, Aberdeen, South Dakota, slip steward; J. W. Griffith, C. R. Huntley, J. L. Stiver, field marshals.

At the annual meeting of the American Coursing Club, held during the meet at Huron, the following were elected officers for the ensuing year:

President, N. Rowe, Chicago, Illinois; vice-president, A. P. Slocum, Oakes, North Dakota; secretary, F. B. Coyne, Huron, South Dakota; treasurer, John Longstaff, Huron, South Dakota; executive committee, John A. Sauer, Huron, South Dakota; John Charlton, Minneapolis, Minnesota; A. Melrose, Orange City, Iowa; H. C. Lowe, Lawrence, Kansas; Michael Allen, Chicago, Illinois.

The place of the next meeting was left to the members of the executive committee. There was such universal satisfaction with the Dakota hares and the country that the Waterloo is likely to be held hereafter each year in that State. Coursing in America has been given a marked impetus by this inauguration of the American Waterloo Cup.

W. S. HARWOOD.

SKILLED LABOR IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

IT is quite a common belief among Americans that the crews of our men-of-war are a decidedly mixed lot as to nationality—that our sailors, in fact, are made up principally of Norwegians, Germans, Kanakas, Italians, with a sprinkling of Japanese, and the Americans indifferently represented. There was a foundation for this belief not so very long ago; there is none now. Nowadays the majority of the sailors of our cruisers are citizens. In 1894 of the enlisted force of the United States Navy fifty per cent. were native-born Americans, seventy per cent. were American citizens, and over ninety per cent. were residents of the United States; while of the thirty per cent. of aliens, more than one-third had declared their intention of becoming citizens.

And not only does the United States Navy stand even better in this important respect to-day, but there never was a time when places in it below the rank of commissioned officer were so attractive to native Americans. Several reasons might be given for this. One is that President Harrison, just before leaving Washington, at the earnest suggestion of Secretary Tracy, increased the monthly wages of a large number of sailors in certain grades, thus bringing the Navy pay-list into favorable comparison with that of outside labor. But the chief reason for the great change that has taken place in the conditions of Navy life during recent years lies in the hardly observed fact that as the old wooden ships and the old-fashioned steam-propelled ships give place to modern marine machines the Navy becomes more and more suited to the taste of capable Americans.

Since the *Kearsarge* laid her bones upon Roncador there are left in really active service only ten wooden ships, though there are fifteen others used as receiving-ships and school-ships of one sort or another. The only sailing-ships that ever move from place to place now are the school-ships and training ships—such as the *Portsmouth*, for instance. The Navy has long been made up chiefly of steam-propelled vessels, and it will be only a few years before the whole active list will be composed of iron or steel steamships.

This gradual change in the Navy has wrought a marked change in the *personnel* of the petty officers and the enlisted men, as well as in the conditions under which they work. Captain Codman's mournful cry that there are no more sailors is as true of the Navy as of the merchant service. True, the Navy still ships boys and seamen at wages ranging from $9 to $24 per month, to whom bounties of three months' pay are granted upon re-enlistment, and it is no uncommon thing to see an enlisted man paid off at the expiration of his three years' term of service with several hundred dollars to his credit. Our regular bluejackets are a decidedly well-paid, well-fed class, altogether much better off than their brethren of the merchant marine.

But now, besides seamen proper, the Navy also ships a host of machinists, mechanics, boiler-makers, firemen, and what not, at wages sometimes exceeding $70 per month (besides the universal daily ration of 30 cents, which runs through the ship from the youngest apprentice to the commander). The new Navy as it grows will need an ever-increasing number of men in these special classes. There are nearly as many new vessels now building as there are wooden ships on the active list, and every new iron or steel steam-propelled monster that is added to the Navy creates an increased demand for the skilled and high-paid classes of enlisted men. Already there are some scores of machinists at $70 per month, boiler-makers at $60, blacksmiths at $50, plumbers at $45, water-tenders, oilers, firemen, and printers at from $30 to $40 per month, to say nothing of coppersmiths, shipwrights, and coal-passers at wages varying from $50 per month down to $22.

Even the seaman class, the worst paid of all in its lower branches, is very well paid in the higher ranks. The lad that enters as a third-class apprentice at $9 per month may reasonably hope to become chief master-at-arms at $65 per month; or, better still, he may attain to the coveted rank of warrant-officer, with pay and privileges the same as those of the lieutenancy grades—*viz.*, from $1200 to $1900 a year, exclusive of board and lodging, and permission to retire at the age of sixty-two years with a pension of three-fourths of his current pay, just the same as a commissioned officer. And even if he does not attain to warrant rank, there is still the middle grade of the petty officer, whose name is legion, and who receives from $27 to $70 a month. The lad with a gift for music may easily get himself transferred to the special class that includes musicians, writers, and apothecaries, and here the wages vary from $18 to $60 per month.

There is a special provision of law to encourage good men to remain long in the service. The ordinary term of enlistment is three years, and by this provision any honorably discharged man who re-enlists within three months from the date of his discharge returns to the Navy with his pay raised $1 per month. The extra dollar is added at each re-enlistment, and there may easily be half a dozen re-enlistments, or, for that matter, a dozen. It means that a good man who sticks to the service for life gets a three months' vacation with full pay every three years, followed by an increase of pay.

It usually happens that the man who thus enlists and re-enlists has reached the grade of petty officer at his third or fourth enlistment, and after that the larger pay of his new rank increases regularly $1 per month every three years, should he choose to remain in the service. And if physically disabled, a man after ten years' service is entitled to a pension of $8 a month, and after twenty years' service to half his pay.

Take the mass of skilled workers in the United States Navy to-day, then: they almost all receive in the long-run better pay than the average wage-workers on shore, without counting the added advantages of subsistence, credit for service, pension, etc. It is true that mechanics in the Navy receive nominally smaller wages than men of their trades ashore, but then they are subject to none of the uncertainties of business or the stoppages caused by sickness. The Navy goes right on in times of panic, and there is no docking for illness. Employment and pay are secure for the rest of a man's days, and promotion is almost within his own control. Many a young mechanic who finds it hard to get along, scratching for an uncertain living ashore, might do worse than try a cruise with Uncle Sam. Nearly every walk in life has ex-members of our Navy in its ranks, and a cruise will do much to educate and develop a bright young fellow who wants to get a few hundred dollars ahead, with a little experience of life thrown in.

The aristocratic organization of the Navy doubtless has kept many self-respecting native Americans from enlisting in the Navy, but the service is vastly more democratic in practice than in theory. In this respect it offers a refreshing contrast to the Army. Anything so beautiful as the harmonious blending of the strictest discipline with the heartiest *camaraderie*, so characteristic of a well-regulated war-ship, is hardly to be found in any other department of life. True, no enlisted man may hope to become a commissioned officer, but the enlisted man of tried ability and known good conduct always earns the respect and consideration of his superiors. The brutal officer of the deck is almost unknown in the United States Navy, and the self-respecting enlisted man is seldom made to feel that any one looks down upon him.

His food is wholesome, cleanlily prepared and served, and abundant, and the officer of the deck must taste it before it is served to the men at any meal. His quarters get better and more commodious as the Navy improves, and the privileges of the well-ordered seaman are many and agreeable.

The Navy Department holds out as an inducement to men that think of enlisting the prospect of seeing foreign parts. "Yes, through a port-hole," was the old-time jack tar's cynical comment when a recruiting-poster met his eye on shore. But the seaman whose own conduct does not curtail his "liberty" may see foreign parts as an enlisted man in a satisfactory and instructive fashion. There are scores of enlisted men who are as thoroughly trusted ashore as the most staid inmates of the ward-room. A man's repute in this regard is not left to mere chance, but is matter of careful record. The man who can make up his mind to endure with patience a life of discipline and regularity will find the Navy agreeable, interesting, and profitable.

D. C. MACDONALD.

LONELY.

I SIT in my chamber lonely, and the city's pulses beat
As the human wavelets ebb and flow along the darkening street.
And the lamp-lights glance and quiver on the forms of passers-by,
And the hum of ten thousand voices goes up to the evening sky.

And little scraps of music and broken sounds of mirth
Rise up beneath the silent stars and float away from earth.
And I sigh to think the music, the laughter, and the glee
That rise from the great city are strangers all to me.

So I sit beside my window and gaze into the night,
Till the sounds and scenes around me are lost to sense and sight.
And my ears hear other voices with a sweet familiar tone,
And time and space have vanished, and I'm no more alone.

Dear voices fill the darkness, dear faces crowd the gloom,
And forms I love move silently about my silent room.
And I hold my breath to listen and I close my eyes to see
The voices and the faces that speak of home to me.

OWEN HALL.

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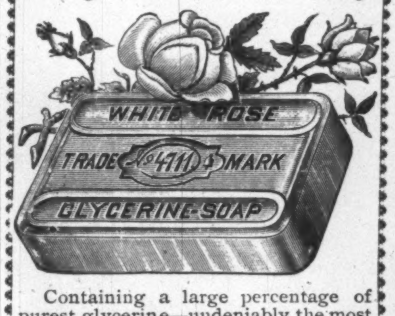

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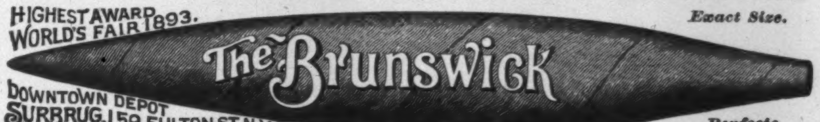

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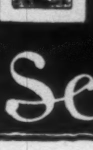

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